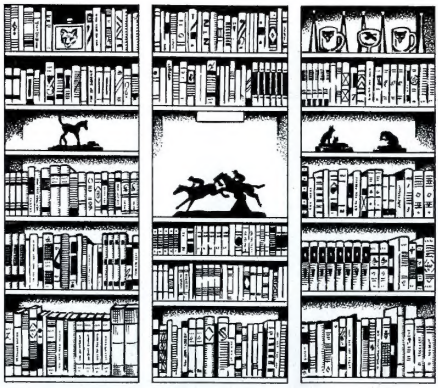
STOLEN KISSES

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
FRANK GRAY GRISWOLD

AMOS TUCK FRENCH
TUCKS EDEN
TUXEDO PARK

Colonel Henry A. Siegel

Del Verses as inscriptions



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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

Amos it's an awful wrench
To send a book to a man who's Frank
For in it there is much told
Of sport that's new and sport that's old,
Of horse and boat – of hound and gun
Of energetic sport and sport that's fun.
But though your Frend 'tis but in name
So perhaps you'll say:
C'est le sport que j'aime!

Frank.

Amos S. French.

Compliments of

F. Gray Griswold

1914.

March 17. 1914.

CAPTAIN MARJORIBANKS AND THE MARE

STOLEN KISSES

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RECOLLECTIONS OF
FRANK GRAY GRISWOLD

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1914

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BY FRANK GRAY GRISWOLD

THE·PLIMPTON·PRESS
NORWOOD·MASS·U·S·A

To

MY SISTER
MARIANA

Hark Foreword!

There are two kinds of bookmakers. The one makes a book when he makes a bet. The other makes a bet when he makes a book. The former is a big bettor, the latter is but a little better. The first kind has been suppressed and most of the second kind deserve like treatment.

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I

STOLEN KISSES

"SOME MEN LIVE BY HUNTING, WHICH IS OF DIFFERENT KINDS: SOME, FOR EXAMPLE, ARE PIRATES."

ARISTOTLE, *Politics*

STOLEN KISSES

I DINED one night some years ago at the mess of the XIII Hussars. We were twenty-four around the wonderful mahogany table that was part of the loot from the French at Waterloo. The table was covered with massive silver cups, some of them presented to the regiment by their honorary colonels of the past and others won by the regiment at polo, for the XIII had won the regimental championship for three years. It was a wonderful sight, the officers all being in their dark blue uniforms covered with gold lace.

Colonel Marjoribanks, who sat at the head of the table, had joined in the talk which had been of racing, polo, and tiger shooting, for the regiment had lately returned from India. After the port had been passed around several times, the Colonel, being in a cheerful frame of mind, told the following story:

What a wonderful gift a good memory is and what an affliction a poor one! A friend of mine once told me that he had the worst memory in the world. There were three things that he never could remember; the first was faces, the second was names, and he could not remember what the third thing was.

Some people remember what they hear while others remember better what they see. I always fancied the latter was my strong point, and I believed that I had a great eye for a horse; that after having one good look at an animal I should know him anywhere, even if I saw him years afterwards between the shafts of a hansom cab in town.

When I was a young captain in the IX Lancers I was invited by Lord Knossington to come to Braunston Hall, Leicestershire, for a day's hunting. I arrived in time for dinner but too late to go through the stables and have a look at the hunter I was to ride, so I decided to be up betimes the following

morning and see the horses before they went to the meet. I was later than I expected and the cavalcade was just leaving the stable-yard as I met the stud groom. I asked him which horse was to carry me, and he said, "That chestnut with the white hind ankles and the gray hairs in her tail; we calls her Silver Heels, and a sweet mare she is; the gray hairs in her tail shows she breeds back to Irish Birdcatcher — no better blood known, Captain."

I had a good look at the mare. I also noticed that the second horseman wore a dark green livery and was riding a bay horse and leading the chestnut, and that the latter had no saddle, I having given instructions that I would take my own saddle to the meet.

We were late in starting. Our host had insisted on driving us in his coach, as was his custom, and he considered it the proper thing to arrive at the meet just as hounds were moving on to draw, and often cut it so close that they would see the pack

streaming away after a fox before his party could find their horses.

On the day I speak of we arrived just as hounds were moving off. I looked about me and saw to the right under a tree a second horseman in a dark green livery, with a luncheon kit strapped around him, holding two horses, a saddled bay horse and a white-legged chestnut without a saddle. I jumped to the ground, opened the coach door, seized my saddle, and hurried to where the two waiting horses stood. I told the groom I wished to ride the chestnut, and to put the saddle and breastplate on quickly. He gave me a leg up and I cantered after the disappearing field, not waiting to see what happened to the rest of our party.

The meet had been at Folly Hall near Broughton Village, and when I found the field they were assembled, three hundred strong, looking down on Norton's Gorse which Jack Stevens — for it was in Lord Stamford's day — was busy drawing.

THE PACK STREAMING AWAY

JACK STEVENS WAS BUSY DRAWING

As I sat there thinking and listening to Jack Stevens' cheery "Yoicks — yoicks, Charmer — have at him, Grasper — Yuic — Yuic — Yuic!" and the occasional whimper from a hound, I could feel my mare's heart beat with excitement.

I could not help thinking of Trollope's description of a hunting field as being divided into two classes: "Those that go out to get the greatest quantity of riding and those whose object is to get the least. The former go to act, the latter to see. And it is very generally the case that the least active part of the community know the most about the sport, for they know every high-road and every bye-road."

I wondered how many of this field of three hundred sportsmen belonged to the second category, for it seemed to me that if the whole company started to ride after the hounds the fences would be mowed down and the countryside laid waste.

Suddenly I heard the "Tally — Ho — Gone — Away!" of the whip who had

been sent down wind, and the "Yarry — Yarry! Away! Away!" of the huntsman intermingled with the musical cry of the hounds.

All at once the scene became one of great animation. The field scattered in all directions. Those that meant going divided into three parts — some went to the right, others to the left of the covert, and the balance down the ride through the spinney. I followed these last. The non-hard-riding part of the company, about five-sixths of the cavalcade, took to the highways that Trollope speaks of, and we did not see them again until later in the day.

When we came out into the open, hounds were streaming down a long grassy hill. There were about twenty horsemen riding to the left of them and a few to the right, and I followed the latter. The fun began in earnest, and my own heart was throbbing now. Small fences divided three great pasture-fields, and they were charged ten abreast.

STREAMING DOWN A LONG GRASS HILL

Leaving Hickling on their left, hounds made straight for Parson's Gorse; there they checked for a moment, then raced through the covert, along the crest of the hill, and down into and across the vale. We jumped Dalby Brook four abreast, and twice crossed the road that runs between Hickling and Hose villages, where hounds checked.

I was not sorry for this breathing spell, for the pace had been fast and I felt that my mare was not as fit as she might be, and wondered at it, for Lord Knossington's horses were always well-conditioned.

At this moment I noticed a young lady on a big bay horse who was having a good look at Silver Heels and her rider, and wondered if there was anything wrong with what at starting had been an immaculate get-up. During the rest of the gallop I noticed that where I went the lady followed, and as she was passing fair I felt rather proud that she had chosen me for her pilot.

But on with the chase! Yerv — aat! Yerv — yaat! and a blast on the horn brought the pack back on to the line of the hunted fox.

After a few minutes of fast going we saw the Smite facing us. As I rode down to it I saw the huntsman and two others jump it. The next two horsemen did not have such luck for they floundered into the stream. I picked a sound take-off close to a cropped willow tree, and as I flew the the brook I saw the little lady jumping it a little lower down. Hounds raced on toward Harby Hills.

Shortly after rising the hill the hounds entered a small plantation, and I skirted it to the left. Suddenly I saw before me an unjumpable bullfinch and in the corner of the field a five-barred gate. I looked over my shoulder and there was the little lady not fifty yards behind me. My mare was badly blown by this time and I thought that, as politeness was the better part of valor, I would open the gate for both of us.

THE BIG BAY CLEARED THE GATE

"DID YOU ENJOY YOUR RIDE?"

As I attempted to lift the latch, what was my astonishment to see the big bay horse clear the gate in his stride and land safely in the next field. At the same moment I heard the "Whoo — Whoop! Worry-wor-ry!" the death-knell of the fox, and looking at my watch found we had been galloping for fifty minutes — and it seemed but five. There is no sensation known to man, nothing so exciting as such a run as I had just enjoyed, for the going had been sound, the fences clean, and the hounds had raced away, making their own running and killing their fox in the open. This was what was passing through my mind when the young lady on the big bay rode up to me and asked if I had had a pleasant ride. I replied that I had indeed. She said, "I thank you for riding my mare so well." I replied, "I beg your pardon — this mare belongs to Lord Knossington and is known as Silver Heels on account of her two white ankles." She laughed and said, "You are mistaken, you are riding my new Birdcatcher mare

Stolen Kisses. I arrived at the meet late and was told by my second horseman that a gentleman had told him to saddle the mare, that he was to ride her; and, knowing that she had recently been purchased, he thought that I wanted her to be tried before riding her myself. So I had the groom's horse saddled and told him to find his way home the best way he could." I thought the lady was mad, but Lord Knossington, who rode up at the moment, assured me that he had never seen my mount before.

I was profuse in apologies, but what could I say? Lord Knossington laughed and presented me to the young lady. We rode along together toward her home, for she had no second horse and my horses, as I found out afterwards, after waiting for me at the covert-side had been taken home. We left the horses in the stable-yard, and I went up to the house for a cup of tea, was presented to my charmer's mother, and had to apologize all over again for being a brigand.

HAD NEVER SEEN MY MOUNT BEFORE

The young lady drove me over to Braunston Hall in her dogcart. We visited Silver Heels in her box and found that the only resemblances between her and Stolen Kisses were the pair of white ankles and the white hairs in the tail. Silver Heels was half a hand taller and up to much more weight.

A few months later Stolen Kisses was housed in my stable, for I married her sweet mistress the following spring.

For years after, whenever there was a question as to whether my wife should or should not ride a favorite hunter of mine, I was always greeted with the remark, "But you purloined Stolen Kisses," and I always had to confess that I had — and often!

II

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BULLDAGS

"IT TAKES TWO MEN TO BOTH DRINK AND RIDE"

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BULLDAGS

A MASTER of hounds has many troubles of many kinds. The Master of the Genesee Valley hounds sent the following circular to the members of his hunt a few years ago:

GENESEE VALLEY HUNT

Of the Farmer

You have no business on a man's land, but are there by his sufferance, and he is entitled to every consideration. It is no excuse that you are in a hurry. It is much better for the Hunt that you should be left behind than that a farmer should be injured. If you take down a rail, you should put it back. If you open a gate, you should shut it. If you break a fence or do any damage you cannot repair, you should report it at once to the responsible officers of the Hunt that it may be made good. Although you may feel convinced that it improves wheat to ride over it, the opinion is not diffused or popular, and the fact that some fool has gone ahead is no excuse whatever, but makes the matter worse. The spectacle of a lot of men following another's track across a wheat

field and killing hopelessly the young plants, which the first had probably injured but slightly, is too conducive to profanity to be edifying in any community. You may think that the honest farmer deems it a privilege to leave his life of luxurious idleness and travel around half the night in the mud for horses which have got out, or spend days sorting sheep which have got mixed by your leaving his gates open or fences down. You are mistaken. He doesn't.

Of the Master

The M. F. H. is a great and mystic personage to be lowly, meekly, and reverently looked up to, helped, considered, and given the right of way at all times. His ways are not as other men's ways, and his language and actions are not to be judged by their standard. All that can be asked of him is that he furnish good sport, and so long as he does that he is amenable to no criticism, subject to no law, and fettered by no conventionality, while in the field. He is supposed by courtesy to know more about his own hounds than outsiders, and all hallooing, calling, and attempts at hunting them by others are not only very bad manners but are apt to spoil sport. As a general rule he can enjoy your conversation and society more when not in the field with the hounds, riders, foxes, and damages on his mind.

N.B. — The proffer of a flask is not conversation within the meaning of the above.

Of the Fox

Don't tag after the first whip and make one of a line of sentries around a covert. How can a fox break if you do? Keep your mouth shut when you see a fox until he is well away and you are between him and the pack. Then, if you are sure it is the hunted fox, STAND STILL as nearly on his line as possible and yell for all you are worth. Don't cap on the first hounds, but let the huntsman bring up the pack. Don't gallop after the fox by yourself. If you caught him alone he might bite you. Don't "give tongue" on a woodchuck. It will cause you humiliation. There is a difference in the tails.

Of the Hounds

Keep away from them at all times and at every time. Even if you consider them worthless, the Master may be quaintly indifferent to your opinion, and as the quietest horse will kick at a strange dog, and the stupidest dog distrusts a strange horse, KEEP AWAY. Stand still at a check and give them a chance to work. No hound can hunt while figuring the odds of being bitten, kicked, or stepped on, and if the field keep pressing them in any direction, however slowly, the benighted beasts are capable of thinking there is a rational cause for it. And keep away from the huntsman also, that he may be in full view and the hounds see him and follow his movements and signals. And do not get between him and the whip on the road. There are miles of it before

and behind where your equestrianism will be more appreciated.

Don't say, "Ware horse!" to the hound. Say "Ware hound!" to the horse. It is never any excuse that you cannot hold your horse. You have no business to bring out a horse you cannot hold any more than a biter or kicker. If you cannot hold him, go home. Never follow a man closely, particularly over a jump. If he should fall when landing, you might kill him while helpless. Take your own line and keep it. Everybody is supposed to be entitled to the panel in front of him. If you don't like yours, you must not take another man's till your turn.

Of the Rider

When I accepted the mastership of the M. B. Hunt I found that half a dozen of the younger members of the hunt had formed a club called the Bulldags. They fancied they could ride harder and drink deeper than any men in the world. They caused me much annoyance out hunting, for, whether hounds were hunting or not, it was one continued pounding match between them at all times. I soon discovered that the members of their club who really

THE BULLDAGS

drank hard could not ride, and I fancied that those who really rode well could not drink, for I had long known that it takes two men to both drink and ride. I determined to find out just what their capabilities for drink were.

At the end of the hunting season we had a hunt dinner at the Club House. I invited a few of the prominent farmers to be my guests, one of them being a young farmer who lived near me and who was renowned among his associates for having a strong head. I called and begged him to join us. He said he was very shy and would not go unless I would promise to drive over with him to the dinner, which I gladly agreed to do.

On the way over I warned him of what would happen to him if he did not keep his wits about him. He told me to have no fear, that he was quite able to look after himself. When we arrived we found four brave Bulldags among the assembled company of twenty sportsmen and their guests.

The Bulldags immediately seized my agricultural friend and took him aside to drink cocktails.

He was seated at the dinner table with two pink-coated Bulldags on each side of him, who during dinner were continually drinking bumpers with him with such success to themselves that, before the coffee and cigars, three members of the hard-drinking club had been carried to bed and the fourth led away speechless.

The young farmer sat alone in his glory with a broad smile on his weatherbeaten face, and two empty chairs on each side of him. He drove me home in the moonlight behind a fast trotting horse. It was a furious drive but we did not hit anything larger than my offside gatepost, which still bears a scar in memory of the defunct Bulldag Club, for it was never heard of after that night of full moon high tide.

III

THE TRAGIC END OF REDDY THE FOX

"UNPLEASANT TRUTH! DEATH HAUNTS US FROM OUR BIRTH
IN VIEW, AND MEN LIKE FOXES TAKE TO EARTH."

THE TRAGIC END OF REDDY THE FOX

IT was Westbury monthly meeting, not of the Quakers but of the Fox family that were the descendants of the celebrated Gray Beard who lived for so many years in Guinea Wood. His grandchildren and great-grandchildren had the custom of meeting once monthly during the winter season to discuss family matters and to hear their elders discourse on self-preservation.

The meetings were held, during the winter in question, under a hayrick back of Tim Tredwell's barn. This rick had been built on old fence rails for ventilation and to keep the hay from the wet ground, so that below the hay there was a clear space protected from the wind and cold.

There were twenty delegates present, some from Broadhollow, others from the Whitney Woods, from Brookville, Syosset,

and Jericho, — all related by blood or marriage; and, with the exception of the sentinel on the hill, placed there because it was thought wise to be prepared for emergencies as that man Velsor had a way of hunting on moonlight nights, all were attentively listening to the speaker.

Stumpy was presiding and had the floor. He began by saying:

"Man is the most brutal of all living creatures for he plays his game with loaded dice and kills with lead and steel. I do not mean that he should not train hounds to hunt us, for that is a natural sport and is just as much fun for us as for him, or, in fact, for the hounds and horses. It is the finest sport known and I look back with the greatest pleasure to many a day's exercise that it has given me. It does come hard in the early part of the season before one is quite fit and when one's winter coat, that has begun to grow, feels pretty warm, but it is all a fair game; and if you keep your wits about you and think quickly you

THE SENTINEL ON THE HILL

run little danger of losing your life for the earths are not stopped and you always have a refuge, but if you are careless it is all up with you. That is how my brother Reddy lost his life, but of him later on. It is very easy to lead hounds astray, especially the dissipated, long legged, half starved looking lot that they hunt us with in these days. They will always give us a chance by hunting heel up wind. I am told they have been marrying their sisters, cousins, and aunts for generations. That may have worked in Egypt of old, but does not seem to do in Alexandria, Va., and I judge from their manners that inbreeding is not necessarily good breeding. They talk and chatter so much that everyone knows their business better than they do. Why, they begin at the meet, even, to shout that they are going hunting, so that one always has time to get up and out or to crawl quietly home and remain until they have gone on to hunt the next woodland. There are many ways to deceive them these days.

The roads now are so hard that if you travel on them you leave no scent; then in my neighborhood we have the motor parkway; it is great, — built of cement, and one can travel up and down it without running any risk of being followed. Then the railroad is near, — if you run the rails you are safe. I remain underground when the hounds come to Guinea Wood these days and I am tired after my night's forage, or full of good food, for they have the insane idea that the earlier they hunt the better sport they will have. They do have a better chance of killing us under those circumstances for if caught napping one cannot run fast at six A.M. after a hearty meal at four. We can always give them better sport after we have digested our late supper, and we are then more inclined to run than to sleep. About nine o'clock will find me up and about, sunning myself on the south side of Guinea Wood, and game for sport of any kind. But I promised to tell you about the tragic ending of Reddy's life.

"To go back to olden days: my grandfather, known as Gray Beard, lived at Guinea Wood close to where the old negro church once stood. He and my grandmother were both run to ground and dug out during a heavy snow storm in February in the hills back of Washington Hollow, Dutchess County. They were not of the mice chasing, clam digging Long Island family who live in the scrub oak or along the salt marshes of the south side, but came of sturdy mountain stock. After being captured they were boxed and sent by express to Long Island and were placed in the loft of a barn, arriving hungry and sore from the jolting they had received.

"I have often heard my grandfather tell how he and his bride were captured, for they were on their homeward way from their wedding when the hounds picked up their trail and forced them to scurry off to the hills. It was the snow that was their undoing, for the rocky path that led to my

grandfather's home was a scentless road when clear of snow.

"From the window of the loft where they were held captive they could see the surrounding country and could also see the hounds being taken out to exercise every morning; and they knew what awaited them, knew that when the frost was out of the ground the hunting would begin again, and appreciated the ignominy of being used as bagmen. They would sit by the hour on the sill of the loft window and make plans for their escape when the fatal day should arrive. They could see the smoke of the railroad trains on the Glen Cove branch, and decided that if they could reach the line in safety they might baffle any pack of hounds. It was arranged that their plan would be to make for the line, run the rails, and meet in a wood that they could see in the distance.

"After making their plans they devoted several hours a day to exercise, and kept themselves fit by chasing around the loft

by the hour, and by jumping on and off the window sill.

"It was the middle of March when the warm rain arrived that thawed the ground. The kennel huntsman came to the loft one Saturday, and after some trouble succeeded in catching my grandfather and putting him in a small, well-ventilated box. The box was placed in a Hempstead cart and the kennelman drove the dragman to Brookville. My grandfather heard the dragman tell his companion to let the fox go as soon as he heard the horn in the distance. Once liberated, your ancestor made a circle to get the lay of the land and, having noticed that the backbone of the island ran east and west, soon found the direction in which he wanted to go; and, favored by the wind, started for Wheatly, skirted the Whitney Woods, and, not being certain just where the railroad might be, found an asylum under a barn on the Taber Willets farm. He was not as fit as he had thought and, the going being deep, the mud made his

brush a heavy handicap. I am not troubled that way myself and I often thank that mottled hound Grasper for spoiling my beauty. It is better to escape with half a talisman and be known as Stumpy than to die with a whole one. My grandfather was some days in finding the rendezvous, which proved to be Guinea Wood. He immediately dug a comfortable home.

"To make a long story short, about a fortnight later he heard the hounds, slipped through the woods and up on to the hill by the railroad, and saw his spouse daintily running along one of the rails and the hounds at fault in the distance. Two sharp barks brought her to him, and he led the way to their new home in Guinea Wood where I live today.

"Reddy and I were of the same litter and including my two sisters we were a family of four cubs. One sister married and lives out Huntington way, and the other was shot for 'cruelly robbing a hen roost.' Robbing indeed — just as if poul-

WE WERE A FAMILY OF FOUR CUBS

try were not a part of our natural provender; and as far as the cruel part of killing a hen is concerned, did anyone of you ever hear a fowl even squawk when a fox kills? It is man who is cruel, for he wounds half the time and allows his game to die. Many a wounded duck have I put out of its misery on the salt marshes in the winter time; and only the other day I came across a poor woodcock that had no legs, they having been shot away. They even use unfair means — why, not long since some men were trying to dig out a cousin of mine in the Dix Hills and found the root of a tree across their path. They promptly used dynamite to remove the obstruction. The noise was great, the root was destroyed, but the shock killed my cousin and damaged her pelt so that they had all their trouble for nothing. Can you imagine anything more brutal? — and just to save themselves a little digging. There is great comfort, however, in the knowledge that men use their infernal engines of destruction

against one another and that thousands of them are killed yearly.

"But to hark back to my brother Reddy. He was a weakling and was cautioned to remain near home, but not following this advice he was captured one day by the kennelboy, who took him to the house where he was made a pet of and well looked after. He lived in the house for a time and later had a kennel in the stable-yard and wore a collar and a long light chain. He would play with the puppies which had their liberty, and would pounce on any pigeons or fowls that came too near his kennel. His life was not unpleasant but he bored himself terribly. He was taught to run across country at the end of his chain and the puppies were instructed to follow his trail. In this way he had plenty of exercise and in consequence enjoyed his food. I passed many a cold night with him in his kennel telling him of the hunts that I had indulged in and the sport I had enjoyed. One day, in making a lunge at a fat hen

that passed by, he broke the chain and then joined us in Guinea Wood. He passed the summer with us and soon learned to find food for himself, but the dangling chain bothered him greatly. We all tried to gnaw through the collar but found it had a steel lining.

"When the hunting season came around we cautioned him to remain at home during the daytime, which he did for awhile, but falling in love with one of the Cross-Fox girls who lived in the Whitney Woods, he would often wander over to see her.

"As I said, the chain bothered him for it would often catch on twigs and bring him up with a jerk that would nearly dislocate his neck. The hounds picked him up one day when on his way home, and in his hurry he forgot the barbed wire that ran through the fence on the east side of the home woods. The chain caught on the barbs and his neck was broken by the jolt. He was luckily quite dead when the hounds reached him.

"If there is such a place as hell I trust the man who invented barbed wire will be shown to a front seat near the fire when he arrives there, for it will be his destination without a doubt."

The discussion was interrupted by three sharp barks from the sentinel on the hill. The assembled members of the Fox family all cocked their heads to listen and plainly heard the baying of hounds in the distance. With one voice they shouted "*Velsor sauve qui peut*," and then there was a hurrying and a scurrying, a running of circles and a crossing of trails, so that when the hounds, who had been trailing one of the delegates from Broad Hollow, arrived they were at a loss which way to turn. They really never did get far away from the hayrick, but kept coming back and starting anew, and they wasted so much time that all the members of the Fox family reached their homes in safety.

THAT MAN VELSOR

IV

A DAY WITH THE "WARDS"

OR

THE MAN WHO JUMPED THE BANKS ON MONTE CARLO

A DAY WITH THE "WARDS"

IF you have never been to Ireland I advise you to go there especially if you are fond of horses and of hunting. It is the most hospitable country imaginable. The climate is mild and soft and the grass remains green throughout the winter. It is also the finest horse country in the world, for by careful selection and by breeding to thoroughbreds only the Irish have for years produced the best hunters known.

The people are cheerful and kindly and welcome you with open arms and Irish whiskey. There one never has the feeling that strangers are not wanted, a feeling that is in the very air in England.

It is no wonder that England is adverse to Home Rule. What would she do without Ireland? Who would fight her battles for her? What would she have done in South Africa after Modder River without

the Irish, and was it not the same in the Sudan? Roberts is Irish and Kitchener was born at Ballylongford, County Kerry.

Most of the English wit comes from Ireland. What would the English of the present day do without Bernard Shaw? Who would make fun of them? If when in England you meet a man or woman who is more cheerful or brighter than your average acquaintance you will always find on asking that he or she is at least partly Irish. I have often asked the question and the answer never failed.

I have no doubt that the Irish could rule their island and run up a fine national debt, for do they not do that for us? Could Boston do without Fitzgerald? And what would New York have been without its Kellys, Crokers, and Murphys? The reputation of their abilities and virtues is worldwide.

Not long since an Italian immigrant on his way up the Bay asked an interpreter how long a time it would take him to be-

come an American citizen and, when told, wanted to know how much longer it would take to become Irish? It was his highest ambition.

I visited Ireland some years ago for a few weeks' hunting in County Meath. It was in the days when Captain Trotter was Master and Goodall hunted the Meath Hounds. I never saw two harder riding men in any country.

The Meath country consists for the most part of broad pasture lands and, Ireland being a wet country, these pastures are surrounded by ditches for the purpose of drainage. The soil taken from the ditches has been piled up for many long years making great grass grown banks between the fields. Some of these banks have a ditch on one side but many have a ditch on each side. The ditches are often very wide and many of the banks are six feet in height. Then again there are banks faced with stone, formed by the building of two walls with earth packed in between them. An-

other form of fence is the narrowbank which is broad at the base and narrow on top, often so narrow that a horse can find no foothold and has to clear the top and kick back on the other side in order to get sufficient impetus to clear the far ditch. Some of the ditches are so deep that if you are so unfortunate as to fall into one you are obliged to have your horse dug out. The hunt is always followed by so-called "wreckers" on foot, ne'er-do-wells fond of horses but more fond of Irish whiskey, who are always pleased to see you in trouble and delighted to give you assistance for a consideration. It is always wise to go hunting in Ireland with money in your pocket for this reason, and also for the reason that you will find most of the gates that are not padlocked barred by spalpeens on foot with extended hands. Then again a ditch may be shallow and wide. They have a class of horse known as a "dropper." He is what we call a refuser. His method is to drop into the ditch at the last moment, instead of

jumping up on to the bank, and then run along the ditch much to the discomfort of the rider owing to the briars and roots that he will meet on his subterranean journey. My host passed three hours one day with a "dropper" trying to cure him of his bad habit. It was a fine looking horse he had bought at auction; but although he sat on his head and beat him every time he dropped into the ditch and continued this practise for three hours he never did get the horse into the next field and so had to discard him. Some of the banks have trees growing on them planted for the purpose of holding the bank together. There are many farm lanes, called "boreens" and they are often paved with stones and unfit to gallop on; and there are several brooks in the country, called "rivers," which take some doing.

You cannot break down these fences as you can a post and rails or a hedge and you often find yourself poised on the top of a bank while your horse gathers himself for

a second spring into the next field. You have to jump or go home; there are no hand gates as in England and the roads are as hard as iron.

The way to jump these Irish fences is to slow up to a trot or walk and leave it to the horse, for Irish horses think deeply. They will jump up against a big bank, scramble up and jump off from the other side, and during this operation you must not check them for balance is safety, and for that reason nine out of ten horses in Ireland are ridden with plain snaffle bits only. It is not a country for a pulling horse.

If you fall the fall is an easy one for you are not flung to the ground from a height but "fall when you are already down." The great danger is when a horse leaves his hind legs in the far ditch, for that often means that your horse breaks his back.

We had fair sport. I found the grass delightful to gallop over with little or no ridge and furrow. The hounds hunted five days a week and the hard riding contingent

generally joined the Ward Union Staghounds on Wednesdays. The Staghounds hunt the country about Dublin, and the hunt is Dublin's most popular sporting institution. My host considered staghunting a brutal sport so that I had only one ride with the "Wards" during my visit.

The deer are fed on oats and hay and are conditioned in a large paddock surrounded by a high fence and made to gallop around the enclosure for a certain time each day. Any hound will run deer naturally and is peculiarly fond of the scent, and therefore it is only when carted deer are to be turned out and preserved from the hounds that the highly broken staghound is so necessary. These hounds are never blooded, which may account for their docility. Their teeth are filed so that the most they can do is to maul the deer. The deer can only protect himself with his hoofs as his horns are removed to save possible damage to the hounds. The deer is taken to the meet in a cart accompanied by two "yeoman-prickers" whose

duty it is to release the deer and prick him on and, when taken, to hobble him and replace him in the cart. When the deer is enlarged he is generally started off in the direction he should go by mounted men and after five or ten minutes law the hounds are laid on. It often happens that the same deer is hunted fifteen or more times in the season, and at last becomes so used to the gallop as to show little fear of the hounds. The curse of staghunting is the fact that the hunted deer will often run a road for miles if not headed into the country, and many a day's hunting is spoiled in this manner especially in Ireland; for most of the sportsmen are riding young horses that are for sale and as the jar on the macadam would not improve their legs, they pull up.

On the Wednesday in question I drove to the meet at Dunshauglin in an outside car and was met by a friend who had offered to supply me with a mount. The horse I was to ride, named Monte Carlo, was a well-

bred bay about 15.3. I looked him over and did not fancy the manner in which he was bitted. He had a lady's double bridle with small sharp bits of the kind that I dislike. I thought at once that I had my work cut out for me and that my mount was a puller. It was too late to swap horses for there were streams to cross and fences galore to jump.

The large field was in mufti, it not being in good form to dress for the Wards. When the hounds were laid on there was a mad scramble for the first fifteen minutes. I soon discovered that I had little control over my horse but that he was full of jumping. I could guide him but could no more stop him or pull him up at a fence than stop an express train. The idea of trotting or walking up to the big fences was not his idea at all. He would sail away at top speed, land on top of a bank, and jump off into the great beyond without any hesitation. The sensation was awe-inspiring, but as I was simply a passenger I had no right to

complain. I sat tight and awaited the inevitable which I expected would be a grave in one of the frightful chasms we were crossing. After galloping about twenty minutes we jumped a "river." There were three men and three horses swimming in it as I sailed over their heads. Shortly after that we dropped into a road and many of the followers pulled up as they knew what was coming. The deer ran the road, which was as hard as flint, for about ten minutes, and when it took to the fields again we were but a small company in the wake of the flying pack. We ran into a country where the enclosures were divided by narrowbanks. My mount charged them and dropped over the obstructions with the greatest ease but did not kick back at them until he was sure what was on the other side. By this time I was full of confidence and the Chinese Wall would not have frightened me. My horse jumped like clockwork, he did not exert himself more than was necessary nor

place more feet than he could help on the top of a bank. He was a wonder and I was having the ride of my life. As I jumped into a "boreen" I saw a young farmer in brown cords ahead of me although I had thought that I was at the top of the hunt. I followed the farmer down the lane. Shortly after, a countryman hailed us with the information that the hounds had gone to the right, so I turned my horse, who by this time had settled down and was amenable to advice, at a high bank and when landing in the next field saw the hounds streaming away before me with not a single horseman in sight. For the next fifteen minutes I had the hounds to myself and jumped a succession of doubles the like of which I had never seen or imagined. Great grass-covered banks with a wide ditch on each side, barriers that in cold blood seem unjumpable and are so in fact except to such a gallant horse as I was astride of. My sensations were extraordinary for I was on a strange horse in, to me, an unknown

country and was sailing away behind a pack of hounds that were taking me I knew not where.

The gallop, all told, lasted forty-five minutes at almost top speed, and at the end I found the hounds baying at the deer in a pond. The farmer in the brown cords was there before me trying to keep the hounds from worrying the deer. His route by the "boreen" had been shorter than the line of the hunted deer. He asked me to help him. I left my horse, he being by this time only too ready to stand still, and in trying to climb down a bank I slipped into the pond up to my middle.

The huntsman and the straggling field arrived shortly afterwards by the lane. Brindley the huntsman rode up to me and remarked: "That is a gallant horse you've been riding, Sir, I watched you across the last farm with wonder, we never go there." I replied that I was sorry I had been where I was not wanted. He said: "Shure it is not that, the owner of that farm is a fine

sportsman, but we calls his fences unjumpable."

I rode away very wet and cold yet full of enthusiasm. A kind friend who was nearly twice my weight lent me a dry outfit. I must have looked strange indeed on my journey home, held together by safety pins. The outer garments did very well but the under clothes were somewhat of a trial.

Although quite unsound the horse I rode was sold for a long price the following day, and I have often wondered what sort of a sensation his new owner had the first time he went hunting on the Twentieth Century Limited.

V

THE SPORTING BARBER'S CLOSE SHAVE

"QUI VA À LA CHASSE PERD SA PLACE"

THE SPORTING BARBER'S CLOSE SHAVE

I WAS greatly pleased in the summer of 1878 to hear that my friend James Gordon, who lived in Paris, had leased Somerby House in the Shires for the coming hunting season. He moved his French household to England in November, and kindly invited me among other friends to stop with him and enjoy the hunting.

When I arrived at Somerby I found the house full of sportsmen. There was Lord Derry, a cheerful Irishman, and Sir John Lister, the most beloved man in Leicestershire. They told a story that one day out hunting, when the hounds checked, there were only the Master and one or two members of the Hunt with the hounds. When the Master asked where the field was, he was informed that Johnny Lister had had

a fall and that everyone had stopped to pick him up. Then there was "Guy" Livingston — I can see him now riding Slippery Sam. Dear old Guy, did a more popular man ever live, I wonder? And last but not least, Captain Sweet, known as "Sugar." We had many a jolly day's hunting and many a revel at night.

Among the people stopping in the house was Auguste, the sporting barber from Paris. Auguste had a little shop on the Champs Elysées and shaved most of the members of the Jockey Club, and was full of sporting knowledge and tips on the races. In those days the races were not doped by every morning paper in Paris, nor were sporting extras sold in the streets as they are today. It was difficult to obtain racing information, and much of Auguste's custom was due to the fact that he knew, or at least would tell you, the latest news from Chantilly. Horse owners gave him information that he would with discretion impart to others. It was not that he ever

told one anything startling, but one always had hopes of getting a really good tip.

He went to Gordon's house every morning to shave him and was *désolé* when he heard that his patron was to pass the winter in England. Gordon told him that if he wished he might come to Somerby for a month, shave him, and pass the rest of the time with the *chef*, who was a great friend of the barber's.

One morning I was awakened at an early hour by "Sugar" who informed me that he had persuaded the barber to go hunting and wanted to borrow a pair of boots for him. He seized the first pair of jack-boots in sight and fled before I had time to ask any questions.

We assembled after breakfast at the front door to see "Sugar" and the barber depart to the meet. The barber was resplendent in jack-boots, white cords, and a pink coat, all borrowed from the members of the house party, and he had on the largest pair of spurs that I ever beheld; and it was in

the days of long spurs, for the "Limb," who rode steeplechases under the name of Mr. St. James, had lately introduced the fashion of long spurs, which he had to wear as his legs were so short that without them he spurred the girths instead of the horse he rode. But what gave Auguste away, besides his jack-boots, was his top hat. It was his very own, brought from Paris in which to *flaner* in London. It was French from brim to crown, such a hat as never before had been seen in an English hunting field.

They started early for the meet at Beeby, for "Sugar" knew they would have to travel slowly. We picked them up on our way. "Sugar" was on his feet taking the spurs off the Frenchman who had been using them as hooks, much to the discomfort of the horse he rode. When we arrived at the meet the assembled sportsmen were all agog to know who "Sugar's" foreign friend might be. About this time "Sugar" began to weaken, for he saw that if he had

to devote his day to the barber he would lose his day's hunting, and he was not as unselfish as all that; so he introduced him as the Marquis de St. Sauveur to his Irish father-in-law, Major Poole. The Major was delighted to have an opportunity to air his Celtic French, acquired during two winters passed in Pau. They had an interesting conversation on racing in France, a subject that Auguste was fully posted on. Shortly after the hounds moved on to draw, and the Major went with them. I waited to see what "Sugar" would do. He hailed Gordon's second horseman, who had lived some years in France and spoke harness-room French, and handed him the snaffle rein of the barber's horse, saying, "For Heaven's sake take good care of this Frenchman," and galloped down the road after the disappearing horsemen. I followed him.

The field had followed the huntsman who was about to draw Barkby Holt down wind. We joined several horsemen who were hiding behind a hedge at the corner of the

covert. It was not long before we heard the hounds, busily at work, and now and then the encouraging voice of the huntsman. From time to time a hound or two could be seen along the edge of the covert, but they would turn back in answer to the voice they knew and loved so well; for of all the huntsmen that I have watched hunt hounds, Tom Firr was the most expert and had the best control. They tell a story that one day the Quorn hounds were racing down toward a railroad in full cry after a fox when Firr saw a train coming along the line. His two blasts on the horn gave the fox his life, and brought the hounds back to where the huntsman stood waiting.

We did not have to wait long, for the music became louder as we listened. Suddenly, not fifty yards away, a fox, followed by a magpie, broke cover with the pack close to him. Hounds flashed over the scent in their eagerness, then took it up with a whimper and were away. We waited until Firr emerged from the covert and then

A HOUND OR TWO COULD BE SEEN

A FOX FOLLOWED BY A MAGPIE

set sail after the flying pack, which was just glistening through a hedge at the bottom of a pasture.

Hounds raced on toward Baggrave Hall, past the Potteries, and crossed the railroad near Twyford Station. Here hounds checked. Firr and quite half the field had been on good terms with the hounds across this lovely stretch of country, and both horse and man were glad of a moment in which to take a long breath.

A cast forward hit the line, and on we sped and ran to ground in Ouston Wood — a good eight miles as we had come. There had not been much grief — one or two empty saddles at a piece of timber; but I was sorry to see a man on a big gray horse fall just before we reached the wood, for he had ridden gallantly at the top of the hunt and had jumped a stile in great form.

During all this time I had not given the barber a thought, nor had "Sugar" for that matter, as I had seen him holding his own throughout the run, for he was a

clinker to hounds. We were all ready for our luncheon kits. Suddenly I saw, coming down the road, a pink coat surrounded by a group of second horsemen. It was the sporting barber, but all the sport had left him. He had been jogged along the road for over an hour, his heels were up, his toes were down, the French cylinder was on the back of his head, he had discarded the reins, and was holding on to the saddle with both hands and allowing himself to be led by Gordon's second horseman. I never saw a sadder spectacle. While dividing my sandwiches with him I asked him why he held on so hard. He replied, "*Qui va à la chasse perd sa place, et j'ai grand peur de tomber par terre.*" "Sugar" was nowhere to be seen. After eating our luncheon we sent the second horsemen home and the last I saw of them they were jogging down the road and one of them was leading the barber's horse. I felt sorry indeed for Auguste for he had twelve miles to go. I heard afterwards that when he arrived at

ONE OR TWO EMPTY SADDLES

JUMPED A STILE IN GREAT FORM

Somerby they lifted him from off his horse and carried him to bed. In bed he remained for three days, for he could not stand up, much less sit down; but his friend the *chef* fed him on all the delicacies of the season and listened to his stories of the glories of *la belle chasse*. He was a hero to all the French servants and the laughing-stock of the stable-yard.

In after years he loved to give his customers on the Champs Elysées long accounts of the *chasse au renard sauvage en Angleterre*, but told me in confidence that that day's hunting was still a nightmare; that he would sometimes wake in the night with a start, having dreamed that he was arrayed in scarlet and was being pursued across country by myriads of hounds and hooted at in the village streets by swarms of small shavers.

VI

JACK TRAVAIL'S FIRST LOVE

"ON REVIENT TOUJOURS À SES PREMIERS AMOURS"

JACK TRAVAIL'S FIRST LOVE

IT was Horse Show week and the horse was king. The present generation little know what that means, yet before the coming of the automobile, trolley car, and motor boat the horse was supreme, supplying the only power for getting about in town as well as in the country, and was also the medium for most of the sport of the day.

In my younger years a horse in America always meant a trotter. I can remember often driving with my father on Harlem Lane in a single seated trotting wagon, speeding with everyone we met, and passing them also; for my father owned, among other trotters, a gray mare, still to be found in the stud-book as the Griswold Star Mare, that had a record of 1.08 for half a mile, which in those days was fast enough to challenge the very best. She had a wonder-

ful burst of speed for a short distance but could not stay a full mile. My father would at times forget me in the excitement of the sport, and to keep from falling out I had to hold on to his near side driving-coat pocket with both my hands.

We would often stop at the half mile track, called in the early days Elm Park and later known as the Manhattan track, where there was a Club House with a membership of four hundred. This track was at Bloomingdale above what is now 90th Street. There you would find, if you had not met or passed them on the road, David Bonner with one of his celebrated horses, Lady Palmer, Flatbush Mate, or perhaps the fast Peerless, Colonel Harker driving Brunot and Brunetta, Commodore Vanderbilt with his so-called pony team of bays that trotted with great speed and grace, Louis Petty, H. Durkee, W. K. Knapp, the Stuyvesants, and a host of others who drove daily and were all members of the exclusive trotting club. Some days you

FLORA TEMPLE

DEXTER

might meet my uncle George Alley, the best reinsman of them all, jogging Dexter. Dexter was the king of the turf, having dethroned Flora Temple by trotting in 2.18⅜. My uncle, who had a great eye for a horse, bought Dexter, by Rysdicks Hambletonian out of the Hawkins mare, at Stony Ford in Orange County when a three-year-old; and I remember the colt being brought to my father's stable, which was in 13th Street next door to Murray's stable, then the headquarters in the city for trotting men. He was a rough and wild looking colt, and the grooms had a hard struggle replacing his rope halter with one of leather.

The life on Harlem Lane in those days, especially after a fall of snow, was extraordinary — everyone drove, merchants, bankers, brokers, lawyers, and Tammany politicians. To own a trotter or a fast pair of trotting horses was the chief aim in life. A few years later horse racing became popular and Jerome Park was

opened; then followed the Four in Hand Club, polo, and hunting.

Everyone would be talking horse at the clubs in town at night and you could make your choice and join those who were racing mad, or talk trotting in another corner, or if you were young the hunting lot would perhaps appeal to you most.

How the world has changed, one hears nothing discussed now but carburetors, niblicks, tennis rackets, and golf courses. The horse has been banished to the hunting field, the show ground, and the plough. He is no longer king nor is he the daily companion he used to be.

Frank Work I met Jack Travail one evening at the Horse Show. The Show in those days was fashionable and everyone worth knowing was there in his or her very best raiment. Travail asked me to dine with him the following Friday, at his stable uptown, to meet a few friends who were interested in trotting horses. I gladly accepted for I wanted to see the stable that Jack had

lately built at great expense to house his string of trotters.

He was getting old and seldom drove, yet he had his horses to look at, which was a comfort in his old age. A competent trainer drove them and kept them fit to speed at any moment when the owner might desire to drive them. Jack had been a daily regular on the road for over thirty years and hated to give up the sport, yet seldom felt strong enough to undertake the long jog up the Avenue and through the Park.

When I arrived on Friday evening the guests were all assembled, looking at the horses. There were trotting horse breeders from the broad acres of Kentucky and Tennessee and others from the mountain pastures of Virginia, who, with dear old Jimmie Olive and Jack's son, George, made a party of twelve.

The stable was most complete in every way, finished in polished hardwood with fittings of burnished brass. Six famous

trotters stood in boxes that were deeply bedded with golden straw. The clothing was taken off the horses and each animal was inspected in turn and his pedigree and performances gone over, for Travail never bought a horse that did not have a low record on the track.

Most of the sportsmen owned, or had owned, relatives of these well-bred animals, and they had many anecdotes to tell of them; so that, after inspecting the glass cases full of Wood Gibson harness and the row of light Brewster single top buggies, weighing but one hundred pounds each yet guaranteed to carry two hundred and fifty pounds in safety at a high rate of speed, it was late when we took the elevator to go to dinner.

The first floor above the stable contained a suite of rooms — a sitting room, dining room, large bedroom, and the very latest thing in bathrooms. The sitting room and dining room were paneled and furnished in oak and the walls were hung with paintings

and prints of celebrated horses and decorated with silver cups, won at Horse Shows and at pigeon matches by George, the pride of the family, who was a famous shot.

The dinner, supplied by Sherry, was perfect in every detail and the table was covered with American Beauty roses. It is needless to relate that the dinner talk was of the horse horsey, for the company present had for the moment no other thought. When the coffee and cigars had been passed around Jack Travail said he wished to tell us of a letter he had lately received. He began by saying:

"You all know I was not born in New York. My native town is Cincinnati. After passing through the high school I looked about for work. My first employment was as salesman for a hardware firm. As you may be aware, in those days the only method of conveyance was by river steamers, by stage coach, or in your own carriage. My route was south through Kentucky and Tennessee. I made two

trips a year, in the spring and in the autumn, behind a pair of trotters hitched to a strong top buggy. The inns were few and far between and I usually stopped with farmers along my route, and very pleasant evenings we used to pass talking horse, for the country was even at that time devoted to horse-breeding. One village that I never missed was Shelbyville, for two reasons. The first was that the rich farmer with whom I always stopped owned a farm of one thousand acres of the finest pasture land, and raised the best trotting horses in the State. The other attraction was his lovely daughter, Linda, by name. Linda and I were great friends and I always looked forward with pleasure to my arrival at Shelbyville, for I knew it meant pleasant walks with her in the twilight, looking the young horses over and noting how they had grown and developed since my last visit, and then walking home in the moonlight — and — ah! but you all have once been young!

"I remained in the hardware business until my mother died when I decided to travel and see the world. Eventually I drifted to New York where I settled, married, and prospered.

"A few days ago I received a letter from a law firm in Louisville telling me that their client, a rich widow by the name of Jackson whom I would not know by that name, but might remember as Linda Boone of fifty years ago, having heard from friends who had recently been visiting New York that I was in reduced circumstances and living over a stable, had placed in their hands two farms, the rentals of which were to be remitted to me yearly out of gratitude for the very happy days of her youth."

Travail's son interrupted the story by saying, "Papa, that is a lady-love worth having; what did you do?" His father said: "I went to Tiffany's and selected the finest bracelet that I could find, and sent it to Kentucky with a letter of thanks in which I said, among other things, that

although I did live over a stable at odd moments, the stable and what it contained represented a small fortune, and that I also had a comfortable home on the north side of Madison Square where I lived with my children."

After drinking a bumper to Linda Boone of Kentucky the party broke up and adjourned to the Horse Show in order to witness the high jumping competition.

VII

THE LADY AND THE TUNA

"VEXED WITH THE PUNY FOE THE TUNNIES LEAP,
FLOUNCE ON THE STREAM AND TOSS THE MANTLING DEEP,
RIDE ON THE FOAMING SEAS, WITH TORTURE RAVE,
BOUND INTO AIR, AND DASH THE SMOKING WAVE."

Halieutica, OPPIAN, A.D. 180

THE LADY AND THE TUNA

I WAS sitting on the hotel piazza at Avalon one summer afternoon, smoking and thinking of my morning's sport. My experience that morning had been a strange one. I had started out fishing before daybreak, much to my discomfort, for I am not a willing early riser; but it pays at Catalina, for the sun rising over the mountains is a sight never to be forgotten. About half an hour after daylight I had hooked a tuna which bolted with the flying-fish bait at express-train speed and was only checked, after taking six hundred feet of line, by the spreading of my reel. I was fishing with a tarpon reel of large size but not strong enough for so fast and heavy a fish. The reel handle would not turn either way, and my boatman whispered, "Stung!" in my ear. "Not on your life," had been my ready reply. Luckily, I had two rods in

the boat but they were not of the same make nor were the butt sockets of the same diameter. I called to the boatman to follow the fish which was only too glad to travel slowly, being much exhausted after his great run. I then told my man Gibbons, who was also in the launch, to strip three-quarters of the line from off the spare reel, and cut it, then to pass the line through the eyes of the rod and let me know when he was ready. In the meantime I wound the line a dozen times around my left, gloved, hand from off the reel I was fishing with. When my man said that he was ready I told him to cut my line close to the reel and to tie it to the line at the tip end of the rod he held. I then told him to reel the knotted line home as I unwound the line from my left hand. When he told me that this had been done, I removed the tip from the butt I held and allowed it to shoot six hundred feet down the line to the fish. I then grasped the second rod and fought the fish to a finish in half an hour.

When the dying fish came to the surface, having handed my rod to the boatman, I brought the victim alongside to be gaffed on the original tip which had been for thirty minutes in the depths of the sea.

As I said, I was thinking over this experience and wondering what would have happened had I not had a second rod with me, when a fellow-sportsman came to me and asked if he might present me to Miss C. of Los Angeles. Miss C. was a buxom young woman who complimented me on my success in taking tuna, and informed me that she had been fishing for a month for yellowtail with light tackle but was most keen to land a tuna, a feat no woman had ever succeeded in accomplishing. I told her she had better go fishing with me that afternoon, never thinking for a moment that we should find fish at that hour of the day, but knowing that the next best thing to catching fish is to fish for them without catching them. I having supplied Miss C.

with a rod and a newly purchased tarpon reel, we started, sitting side by side in chair seats in the stern of the fishing launch — a very pleasant scheme for gentle conversation but not for fishing; for it is customary that, if one of the party hooks a fish, the other shall reel in and patiently watch the sport.

We had been out on the ocean about half an hour when I hooked a tuna. At the same moment I heard my companion shout, "I have one too, and our lines are crossed." I stood up in the boat, passed my rod under and over hers, and luckily cleared the lines. My fish traveled fast to the north, the other fish going south. Then the fun began in earnest. I told the boatman to sit tight as there was nothing he could do to help us, and, having taken the seat in the stern facing the bow of the boat, I began to fight my fish with all my strength, for I knew that the harder I fought it the more it would distress the other fish.

I kept hearing "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" and "Great Heavens!" from my fair companion, but was too busy myself to pay much attention to what she was doing. In forty-five minutes I had my fish alongside and gaffed — 104 pounds. Then I looked to see what was going on to the southward. I found the lady's tuna had luckily been hooked in the top of the mouth, that it had practically drowned itself on its first long run, and had since then been flopping about on the surface of the water. I also saw that Miss C.'s reel had blocked, so that the line would not run out, and that she had but fifty feet of line left. She was holding on to the rod for dear life but looked very pale. I told the boatman to back the boat slowly toward the flopping fish, and was pleased to find that the reel would take the line. We soon had the tuna gaffed and in the boat — 118 pounds. Miss C. collapsed at once; her hat was off, her hair was streaming down her back, and she was utterly exhausted, so we hastened

back to Avalon with the Tuna Club flag proudly flying at the mast.

There was consternation at the Tuna Club that evening. We supposed that anyone was eligible to membership in the Club who had killed a tuna of one hundred pounds unaided; but the women did not have the vote in California then and no provision had been made for lady members, for it had not been supposed that a lady could possibly take a tuna. Miss C., sad to relate, was refused membership but was awarded the much-prized tuna button, which no doubt is still her most valued possession.

I often think of that day's fishing with pleasure as it was a day full of new sensations and many thrills, for the tuna were leaping about everywhere, chasing the flying-fish.

VIII

THE TWILIGHT OF RACING

"CURSE ON THE COWARD OR PERFIDIOUS TONGUE
THAT DOES NOT E'EN TO KINGS AVOW THE TRUTH."

THE TWILIGHT OF RACING

IN the early days of horse racing in this part of the world race horses were owned by men of means who raced them for sport alone. Racing was first developed in the Southern States, before the war, by rich planters who raced in Kentucky, Louisiana, and South Carolina.

Nimrod wrote in 1837:

"But it is in the New World — in America — that racing, and the consequent improvement of horses, are making the most rapid progress; so much so indeed as, from the excellent choice they make in their stud-horses, to incline some persons to the opinion that in the course of half another century we shall have to go to the United States to replenish our own blood, which must degenerate if that of the most sound and enduring qualities is transported to that country. For example, in the American *Turf Register* for March last is a list of twenty-nine thorough-bred English horses propagating their stock throughout the various states, amongst which are Apparition, Autocrat, Barefoot, Claret, Chateau

Margaux, Consol, Emancipation, Hedgeford, Luzborough, Leviathan, Lapdog, Margrave, Merman, Rowton, Sarpedon, St. Giles, Shakspeare, Tranby, and Young Truffle. To these are to be added Glencoe, and, alas! Priam, at the extraordinary cost of 3500 guineas!"

Nimrod's prophecy never came true, for I cannot find that a single stallion or mare was ever purchased for export to England. Many American horses have been raced and sold in England, and many mares and yearlings have been sent there for sale of late years, but the breeding of the race horse has not been carried out on a sufficiently scientific basis in this country to make our thoroughbreds attractive to foreign breeders. The chief cause has been that we have not had a race like the Derby in England, from which to select the best horse of the year; for a three-year-old, to stand training and win at a mile and a half in the first week in June, must be a sound, stout-hearted horse of good stamina and a likely one to reproduce these qualities. Here horses have become sires from the

fancy of individuals, irrespective of their real qualities as race horses, and the result has been disastrous.

After the war racing was taken up in the North. In the '60's the chief horse owners were Messrs. Hunter, Travers, Morris, Sanford, Forbes, Jerome, Belmont, Osgood, and McDaniel. Messrs. Alexander, Bowie, Buford, and others brought horses from the South. Later on D. D. Withers, Pierre, and George L. Lorillard joined the racing throng, and Doswell came from Virginia. These men all had money and raced purely for pleasure and sport. The stakes were small but the competition was no less keen than it was later on when much more money was raced for.

From a programme that I saved of a day's racing at the Inaugural Meeting at Jerome Park in October, 1866, I find the first race was the Nursery Stakes for two-year-olds at a mile, the second Two Mile Heats for all ages, and the third a Selling race at a mile and a half; while the day's sport

closed with the Post Stakes at three miles. It was racing then, not sprinting, and a horse had to have stamina as well as speed.

There is a general opinion that the downfall of racing in the Eastern States was caused by the greed of the race courses. In one way that may be true, for it was the cause of the building of too many tracks and the running of far too many races. This was brought about to a great extent by the demands of the small horse owners who made a living off of racing. Racing never was intended to be a business or a career for personal gain, but it is and must always remain a sport pure and simple.

A man who starts a racing stud should ask himself how much he can allow the sport to cost him for the pleasure he will receive, and not how much he can expect to net on his year's racing. Yachting, hunting, automobiling, in fact all other sports, cost money, There is no return for the large sums expended in these sports,

AMERICAN JOCKEY CLUB.

RACES COMMENCE PROMPTLY AT 1 O'CLOCK.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3rd, 1866.

FOURTH DAY.

FIRST RACE.—Mile heats, for all ages.

1. D. McDaniel enters b. c. Ripley, 3 yrs. old. Blue Jacket, Red Sash.
2. J. W. Weldon enters b. c. Knighthood 4 yrs. old. Red and Maroon.
3. R. Ainsley enters gr. c. Richmond, 4 yrs. old. White Body, Blue Sleeves, Blk Cap.
4. J. S. Watson enters b. c. Delaware, 4 yrs. old. Orange and Orange.
5. R. A. Alexander enters b. c. Layswater, 3 yrs. old. Blue Jacket, White Sash & Cap.

TIME.

SECOND RACE.—Dash of 1¼ miles, free for all ages.

1. R. Ainsley enters gr. c. Richmond, 4 yrs. old. White Body, Blue Sleeves, Blk Cap.
2. D. McDaniels enters b. c. Luther, 4 yrs. old. Blue Jacket, Red Sash.
3. J. W. Weldon enters ch. c. Local, 3 yrs. old Red and Maroon.
4. M. H. Sanford enters br. gel. Tasdale, 3 yrs. old. Blue and Blue.

TIME.

THIRD RACE.—Match for $1000, three quarters of a mile.

Paul S. Forbes & Leonard W. Jerome's b. f. Redwing, 2 yrs. old, by imp. Balrownie, dam Cyclone by Vandal. Blue and White.
A. Belmont ch. f. imp. Maid of Honor, 2 yrs. old by Newminster out of Himalya. Maroon Jacket Red sash and Cap.

TIME.

FOURTH RACE.—"THE GRAND NATIONAL RACE;" 2¾ miles, a free Handicap. Closed with 17 entries, and Handicapped as follows:

1. John Hunter enters Travers and Osgood's b. h. Kentucky, by Lexington, dam Magnolia, 5 yrs; to carry 124lb. Orange Jacket and Crimson Sash.
2. P. C. Bush enters Forbes and Jerome's ch. h. Fleetwing, by imp. Balrownie, dam Rhoda, 6 yrs, 112lb.
3. John Hunter enters Travers and Osgood's b. h. Arcola, by Lexington, dam Topaz, 5 yrs, 110lb.
4. R. B. Forbes, Jr., enters br. h. Climax, by imp. Balrownie, aged, 107lb. Black Jacket, Tartan Hoop and Cherry Cap.
5. Mr. —— enters bl. h. Blackbird, by imp. Albion, aged, 105lb.
6. D. Ready enters ch. h. Zigzag, by Burns, dam Zenith, 6 yrs, 105lb.
7. J. W. Weldon enters br. h. Leatherlungs, by Lexington, dam Gossamer, 6 yrs, 103lb.
8. J. S. Watson enters Aldebaran, by Commodore, dam Nannie Lewis, 6 yrs, 103lb. Orange and Orange.
9. Enters b. c. Delaware, by Ringgold, dam Ariel, 4 yrs, 104lb. Orange & Orange.
10. Enters b. c. Onward, by Ringgold, dam My Lady, 4 yr, 104lb. Orange & Orange.
11. Col. D. McDaniel enters b. c. Julius, by Lexington, dam Julia, 4 yrs, 102lb. Blue Jacket Red Sash.
12. D. McDaniels enters Luther, by Lexington, dam Belle Lewis, 4 yrs, 100lb. Blue Jacket, Red Sash.
13. D. McCoun enters M. H. Sanford's c. m. Nannie Butler, by Lexington, dam Tokay, 5 yrs, 100lb. Blue and Blue.
14. W. Kerwin enters br. h. Citadel, by Mahomet, dam Prunella, 5 yrs, 100lb. Red Jacket, Black Cap.
15. T. B. Head enters Breckinridge, by Lexington, dam Minnie Mansfield, aged, 100lb.
16. P. C. Bush enters Forbes and Jerome's Frontore, by imp. Monarch, dam Madonna, aged, 100lb.
17. J. W. Weldon enters ch. c. Tom Woolfolk, by Lexington, dam Florida, 3 yrs, 82lb.

Issued by authority of the Secretary of the American Jockey Club. JOHN B. IRVING.

nothing is expected but pleasure, and racing should be considered in the same light.

The small racing man who was developed and catered to in this country should never have been allowed to exist, for in encouraging him poor horses were encouraged also. Maiden two-year-old races, and races for three-year-olds that had never won a race, run in the fall of the year, should never have been allowed. Why should such horses win, or, in fact, run races at all? Racing cannot be built up by catering to the poor horse owner and the crippled horse. One should return to the farm and the other to the plough.

There is no snobbishness on the turf, all men are equal; yet the poor man should have no place there, the temptations for him are too great. Everything should be done to discourage rather than to encourage him. The sole object for which horse racing was originally established and for which it should be supported by the powers that be is confessedly the encouragement

of the breed of horses. Once developed into a business to hoodwink and rob the public it is doomed. It would have died of its own weight if it had not been legislated out of existence.

Some of the race courses did make large profits and declared large dividends but those controlled by the better element did not. I was one of the incorporators of the Coney Island Jockey Club in 1879, a director for thirty-three years, and its first secretary, and I audited the treasurer's accounts, so I am in a position to relate the facts as an example.

From 1880–1908 the total expenses of the track were $9,400,600 — of this sum $5,656,547 was "Added Money," given to the horses; and, on a capital of $525,000, $1,108,000 was paid in dividends, an average of seven per cent per annum; a small return for capital invested in so precarious a business as horse racing.

It has proved so, for the taxes which were $46,491.50 in 1911 are gradually

eating up the property as it lies idle, and all the money that was expended on tracks, grand stands, and stables is a total loss, for the land would be worth more without them. It was not the commercialization of the race tracks, in my opinion, that caused the downfall of the turf in this part of America, as much as the commercialization of the horse owners.

The opening of Brighton Beach was the beginning of the end. The so-called gentlemen horse breeders had it in their power to call a halt at that time, and missed their opportunity. I remember pleading with them to bar from the tracks controlled by them every owner, every horse, and every jockey who ran and rode at Brighton Beach. They refused to do so at the time "because it would destroy the market for their refuse horses." The robbery and crookedness of the American turf began and developed from that time. Guttenberg, Camden, and the winter racing of "Skates" followed and became a disgrace, and racing was forbidden

in New Jersey. The following of race tracks increased by leaps and bounds, and as the crowd grew in numbers it fell off in quality and appearance.

I can give you an example of what went on. During the winter of 1883–84 the owner of Rancocas was not satisfied with the manner in which his farm and breeding establishment were being conducted, yet could not place his finger on the cause of the trouble. He employed a detective, supplied him with money to spend, and instructed him to pass a few weeks in Jobstown village and report what went on. The reports of the carousing and all night poker games were the cause of the clearing out of the Augean stables and the employment of a new force at Rancocas.

When the detective called for a final settlement of accounts he told his employer that he had become interested in racing, and agreed to follow the races during the coming season and report daily what went on behind the scenes. Most of these re-

ports amounted to little, for they were character sketches of the uninteresting followers of the turf, of the jockeys, and of different members of the betting ring and of their mode of life. Now and then we would get a good tip, not of a winning horse, but a tip not to back certain horses for they were not "meant." These tips were almost always correct and saved us much money.

I was living on Mr. Lorillard's yacht during the Spring Meeting at Sheepshead Bay that year, and we went racing daily from Bay Ridge. He had a strong stable in those days and was a heavy and often successful bettor, and to beat him meant as a rule good money for the ring. One evening when we were on board the yacht after the day's racing we received the following report from the detective: "Hilarity will win the Selling Sweepstakes tomorrow. Three horses have been entered from Brighton to accompany him and prevent Breeze from winning."

Breeze by Alarm-Blairgowrie was a great favorite in the Lorillard stable and had won many races, and on paper looked a certainty for the Selling Sweepstakes. We talked the race over and made a few remarks that were not complimentary to Hilarity. He was by Bonnie-Scotland-Beulah. Mr. Lorillard had purchased his dam in foal and had sold her colt Hilarity, and the horse had been the means of upsetting several good things. On one occasion, I remember, he fell in a race and a heavily backed representative of Rancocas fell over him.

Breeze was fast and well in the race which was at one mile and a furlong, just her distance if the race was run to her liking. Being by Alarm her strong point was her turn of speed, and she usually won her races in the stretch. In a truly run race there was no fear of Hilarity, but we feared the robbers' plans were to pocket Breeze at the start and never let her come through. The following day the trainer

was given orders that Onley, who had the mount and rode to orders, was to get away in front and remain there if possible.

At luncheon Mr. Lorillard informed the stewards that he feared foul play in the race in question, and asked them to appoint patrol judges. I was sent to the first turn. There was a scrimmage and one of the Brighton contingent fell, but the cloud of dust prevented me from seeing what happened. Breeze was in front around the backstretch and led into the straight with the field under a drive behind her. About half a mile from home she was seen to falter and fall back. She came again but was beaten out by Hilarity. They had jumped on her and cut her down and had finished her racing career. The odds before the race were Breeze 8 to 5, Hilarity 8 to 1, and the Mutuals paid $75.90, so that the Brighton Beach thieves returned home happy.

It was this sort of racing that killed the sport. The bad element got control and ran matters to suit themselves or to suit

the ring. It was no longer a gentleman's sport but a game played with loaded dice, and the public became disgusted with the turf. If the sport had been kept in the hands of the better element, and if the tailors, gamblers, and Tammany politicians had kept in their proper places, the Sport of Kings would not have fallen into disgrace.

Racing is a sport; there is no money to be made out of it. It is a game of pleasure for the rich; once commercialized it is doomed. It can never be revived unless started all over again by the respectable element and kept in their hands, for it is a sport and not a medium for personal gain.

IX

IROQUOIS

THE DERBY, 1881

"YANKEE DOODLE COME TO DOWNS
IROQUOIS FOR PONY!
WHAT A FEATHER IN HIS CAP!
AND I'VE WON MY MONEY!"

IROQUOIS

"Punch," June 11, 1881

THE Yankee came down with long Fred on his back,
And his colours were gleaming with cherry and black.
He flashed to the front, and the British star paled,
As the field died away and the favourite failed,
Like the leaves of the summer when summer is green,
The faces of Peregrine's backers were seen;
Like the leaves of the autumn when autumn is red,
Flashed the cheeks of the Yankees as the champion led.
Iroquois!!! — then the shouting shook heaven's blue dome,
As the legs of the Tinman safe lifted him home.
Oh, A was an Archer, A1 at this fun.

And A was America too, — and A won.
And B was the Briton who, ready to melt,
A sort of je ne sais (Iro) quois felt,
To see his Blue Riband to Yankeeland go,
B too none the less, was the hearty "Bravo!"
Which, per Punch, he despatched to "our kin o'er the sea,"
Who, for not the first time got the pull of J. B.
The Brokers of Wall Street are loud in delight,
And the belles of New York grow more beamingly bright;
Fizz creams like the foam of the storms beaten surf,
To Jonathan's triumph on John's native turf.
And Punch brims his beeker in Sparkling Champagne,
Your health, Brother J.! Come and beat us again.
And cold grudge at a victory honestly scored
Melts away like the snow when the wine is outpoured.

X

WESTWARD

"TOUS LES PETITS BÂTEAUX QUI VONT SUR L'EAU NE SONT PAS DES GRAND VAISSEAUX"

WESTWARD

I DO not pretend to be a yachtsman yet I have done some yachting in my life and I inherit a love for the sea; for my father and grandfather were in the China trade for seventy years or more and built and owned many of the fastest clipper ships, among them the famous ship *Challenge*. My first day's sailing was on board the yacht *Maria* owned by Commodore Stevens. My father took me to Hoboken where we joined the yacht and sailed down the Bay and back. The *Maria* at that time was a schooner, and I remember her broad deck and tall spars and the windlass for hoisting her mainsail which interested me greatly. I sailed often on the sloop *Gertrude* which belonged to my father and my uncle and later on my father's small schooner *Dawn*. I also enjoyed many a trip on *Rebecca* and *Gipsey*, both owned by my uncle, at differ-

ent times. My father and my cousin built the first schooner *Idler* and I knew her well.

Since those olden days I have cruised much on both sides of the ocean. I have been from Dover to Holland, through the Kiel Canal to Kiel, along the Baltic coast to Danzig, St. Petersburg, Helsingförs, Gotland, Stockholm, Kiel, and through the canal again to Ostend.

On another occasion I sailed from Dover through the Kiel Canal to Kiel to watch *Westward* sail in the Kiel Regatta. I have cruised in the Mediterranean from Cannes to Palermo, on to Greece, by the Corinth Canal to the Grecian Islands, and to Samos, Smyrna, Constantinople, and Mt. Athos, through the Straits of Eubœa back to Athens, to Corfu, and up the Dalmatian coast to Venice. On this side of the Atlantic I have sailed from the Isle of Pines in the South to the beautiful Bay of Islands, Newfoundland, in the North, and I have been through the Bras d'Or Lakes to Sidney,

CLIPPER SHIP "CHALLENGE"
2000 Tons

C. B., twice. I have also cruised for many winters along the coast of Florida, among the Bahamas, and in Cuban waters. I have been across the Gulf to Tampico and Vera Cruz, and my little yacht *Kona* has sailed more than 24,000 miles in the past four years; yet I do not pretend to be a yachtsman and what I say about yachting must be taken with a very large grain of sea-salt.

The yachting trip to watch the *Westward* was most interesting. *Westward* was designed and built by Herreshoff for Mr. Alexander S. Cochran for the purpose of racing in Germany and England, and she was the only American yacht eligible to race in European waters; for she was the only vessel ever built in America according to the International Rating Rule — Herreshoff is building a schooner at this moment for Mr. Robert E. Tod according to the International Rule to race abroad.

The International Rule was adopted by the yacht clubs of England, Germany,

France, and Spain in 1906, and the New York Yacht Club was invited to join and adopt the same rules of measurement and the same rules of construction, but refused. The New York Yacht Club no doubt had good reasons for not joining the Yachting Confederation. The chief reason probably was a clause in the regulations which reads: "Centre-board yachts are not allowed to race either with keel yachts or alone, unless expressly stated in the announcement of the race." The centre-board is still very dear to the American yachtsman. The first vessel ever built with a sliding keel was built by Captain Schank at Boston, Mass., in 1771, for Lord Percy.

THE INTERNATIONAL RATING RULE

In 1906 the Yacht Racing Association succeeded in forming an International Conference at which every country in Europe agreed to adopt the same rule of measurement, and also to build to rules of scantling. The principal objects were to increase in-

ternal accommodation and to discourage the flare and long overhang of bow. Sail area was also much more lightly taxed by it than heretofore, and a premium was put upon freeboard. The classes were fixed as follows, the measurement being in meters: 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 15, 19, 23, and over. There is no time allowance for rig in any class except the largest.

"All yachts of the classes above eight meters will have to be classed by the rules of the British or German Lloyds or the rules of the Bureau Veritas and will be classed R denoting that their scantlings are as required for their respective rating."

An English expert wrote at the time: "It is to be deplored that the United States of America declined to take part in the proceedings, but preferred to adopt a measurement which produces a totally different type of vessel, thus rendering international racing in the future as little likely to be a true test of progress as it has proved in the past."

Westward was built not to Lloyds R scantling but to Lloyds A scantling for class A and she was built to Lloyds highest class 100 A 1.

These rules mean not only that yachts must be stoutly built and equipped but also that no yacht not constructed according to these rules can race in the Regattas in Europe and therefore has no value there; they mean further that any vessel built in Europe to compete for the *America's* Cup would be unmarketable in Europe after the race, for in order to meet the light-hulled vessel built on this side of the ocean to defend the cup she would have to be built of lighter and less seaworthy construction. This is also a severe handicap for the vessel that has to cross the ocean. If the cup should go to England this handicap will be brought home to us and we will regret that the powers that be refused to join the Yachting Confederation that adopted the International Rule.

Nathaniel G. Herreshoff is a great genius

not only in yacht designing but also in the construction as well as the rigging of yachts. He has been for years asked to design vessels to outsail his former productions which he has done with great success. It has been unfortunate for local yacht racing that he has been considered so superior to other yacht designers, for they have therefore seldom had an opportunity to show what they could do. It has also prevented competition in the several regular classes and the result has been the unfortunate creation of the one design classes. The one design class is all very well for small boats but when applied to fifty and seventy footers it is a useless expenditure of time and money. Although two vessels are designed to be built after one and the same model it is quite impossible to make them precisely alike as far as their sailing qualities are concerned. No two pieces of wood or metal although of the same shape and form will weigh exactly the same, so that when put together the "one designers" must be

different as to their weight, balance, and sailing ability. I have found that even in a class of small boats supposed to be exactly alike you can always class some of them as better than others in heavy weather, and others again as superior in a light breeze, and out of a class of twenty there will be two or three that under even conditions can outsail the others. The one design classes have destroyed the initiative of the amateur sailorman in this part of the world and put back the art of yacht designing many years for Herreshoff has done all the thinking.

If the fifty and seventy foot one design classes had been built according to the International Rule we should have had strongly built vessels able to race and sail for twenty years instead of the flimsy vessels that pound their frail lives out in two seasons' racing. Would they have been any less fast? Is *Elena* faster than *Westward?* The former is of far lighter construction above the water line yet they

"WESTWARD"

were very nearly one vessel as to speed and sailing qualities as far as they were tested together in these waters. They were practically the same model with the exception that *Elena* had a centre-board in addition to her seventeen feet of draft.

Westward was in charge of Captain Charlie Barr, the gamest and best yachting skipper that ever lived, and he sailed her as only he could sail a vessel of her size. Mr. Cochran accompanied by a friend made the trip across the ocean in *Westward* and later, after her racing sails and spars had been put on board, cruised along the English coast to tune her up. We, a choice party of his friends, made the trip from Dover to Hamburg on the steam yacht *Greta*, chartered by *Westward's* owner as a tender. We found the yacht at Brünsbüttel, the port of Hamburg, where the first race of the season takes place. She was alongside the quay with *Meteor* and *Germania* and looked small beside them, for they are twenty-four feet W. L. longer than *Westward* and have

high bulwarks and decks covered with brasswork. Their masthead rigging also looked cumbersome as compared to the ingenious Herreshoff rig. The Germans looked at the light steel rigging of the American vessel with surprise, and insisted that it would pull apart and that she would lose her spars the first time the wind would blow. As a matter of fact she never parted a rope or lost a spar during the whole campaign.

She sailed against *Meteor*, *Germania*, *Hamburg* (*Rainbow*), *Nordstern*, and the English schooner *Cicily*, and won every race excepting the handicap race from Eckernförde to Kiel. Her handicap was ten minutes and as her allowance would have been nine minutes she had nineteen minutes the worst of it. She received that day a cup for the fastest time over the course but *Meteor* won the race, the only first prize won by a German schooner during the Kiel Regatta of 1910. *Westward* won all the others.

My visit to Kiel greatly interested me

for I had been there as a boy stopping at the Hotel Bellevue for the summer when war was declared between France and Germany. The French fleet anchored in the offing and the hotel was closed, as it was in the direct range of the French guns. The channel had been blocked by sunken stone-boats, but as Kiel was a place of small importance in those days the town was not fired upon. Now it is a great naval arsenal and one of the strongest fortified ports in the world. The harbor is full of warships and the streets of the town are thronged with sailormen, for Kiel is the chief naval base of the German navy. It is also the residence of Prince Henry of Prussia who is a sailor and the Prince Charming of the place, entertaining the visiting yachtsmen with great kindness and hospitality.

We dined on board *Nahma* and lunched on *North Star* to meet Emperor William and his suite. The emperor of Germany is a good sportsman and to me the most in-

teresting individual alive. He discoursed in perfect English, in words that are more often written than spoken, about many subjects, from yachting to growing trees in China. I had met him on a former trip to Kiel, and it was a great pleasure to find him just as keen about yachting and full of life and energy. It is he who has made Germany what she is today, and he is and always has been twenty years ahead of his people. It is his drive and his energy that keeps them up to the mark and has enabled them to push ahead in the world and in commerce and to grow rich in so doing.

It was a wonderful sight to see him arrive at Kiel. He stood on the upper bridge of his yacht *Hohenzollern* in the uniform of an admiral as the vessel steamed slowly through a fleet of forty-eight battleships and cruisers, all new ships and all created by him in a few years. It was a sight never to be forgotten and for a republican a lesson as to what one wise ruler can do for a nation. The question came to my mind: Would

Germany have made such giant strides since the Franco-Prussian war had she been a republic? And I am very much afraid the answer was — No — for I do not believe she could have reached her present development without that steady, wise-guiding hand ever at the helm; for the emperor has guided the ship of state with forethought, energy, and great wisdom, and it is all the more wonderful when you consider that he has all these years been the ruler of a thinking people.

After the Regatta at Kiel, *Westward* went to Cowes and it was in England that she distinguished herself most; for she not only met and defeated the German schooners there but also took the measure of the single sticker *Shamrock IV*.

From *The Field* August 6, 1910:

"The critics turned out in force to see *Westward*. Her sail plan, rigging, and steel construction is a masterpiece. The only yacht that could make any show against the *Westward* at Cowes was *Shamrock IV* (seventy-five feet). The *Westward* had to allow *Shamrock* 3 secs. per mile. In fifty-two miles,

therefore, *Westward* had to allow *Shamrock* 2 mins. 36 secs. and beat her 14 mins. 20 secs. The latter was 13 mins. 19 secs. ahead of *Germania* and 18 mins. 47 secs. ahead of *Meteor* (August 1, 1910)."

Westward remained in England for the winter in charge of Captain Barr who, sad to relate, died in the early spring from a sudden attack of the heart. The yacht was brought back to America in 1911 in order to meet *Elena*, and she was sold in 1913 to go to Germany where she is known as *Hamburg II*.

XI

THE ORIGIN OF THE AMERICA'S CUP

YANKEE DOODLE HAD A CRAFT,
A RATHER TIDY CLIPPER,
AND HE CHALLENGED, WHILE HE LAUGHED,
THE BRITISHERS TO WHIP HER.
THEIR WHOLE SQUADRON SHE OUTSPED,
AND THAT ON THEIR OWN WATER;
OF ALL THE LOT SHE WENT AHEAD
AND THEY CAME NOWHERE ARTER.

Punch, 1851

THE ORIGIN OF THE AMERICA'S CUP

IT is a pity that the true story of the origin of the cup is so little known, not merely because the *America's* Cup is the most discussed event in the pastime of yachting, but for the reason that part of its history is of extraordinary interest. "There is no more truth in the story that the *America* came over to race for the Queen's Cup, for which, of course, she was not eligible, than there is in any suggestion that she was really not so vastly superior to our English yachts as is commonly supposed." *

The New York Yacht Club was only founded in 1844, and at the time the race was sailed it was the only yacht club in America. When the race took place American yachting was in its infancy, but the trim, weatherly little schooners known as New York pilot boats were good boats that

* The Field.

could sail fast and far through any sort of blow, and attracted the attention of every sea captain who came along the coast.

The fastest of the New York pilot boats was designed by George Steers, and built at his yard in what was then lower New York City. In the year 1850 George Steers's yard was temporarily closed, and Steers was employed as foreman of the mold loft in the yard of New York's leading shipbuilder, William H. Brown. When Steers was at Brown's yard, some correspondence took place between a London merchant and some New York business men about the forthcoming Great Exhibition in London, and certain sailing races between schooners which it was proposed to hold in England in connection with the Exhibition celebration; and it was casually suggested that one of the famous New York pilot boats should be sent over to sail against some of the fast English schooners.

A letter containing this suggestion was shown to Mr. George L. Schuyler and Mr.

"AMERICA"
1851

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"MAGIC"
1870

John C. Stevens, who were the leading sportsmen of New York at that time, and they thereupon began to consider whether they should not build a schooner specially for the purpose. William H. Brown, the shipbuilder, then wrote a letter to Mr. Schuyler on Nov. 15, 1850, offering to build him a yacht of not less than 140 tons Custom House measurement upon the following terms:

"The yacht to be built in the best manner, coppered, rigged, and equipped with joiners' work. . . . The model plan and rig to be entirely at my discretion, it being understood, however, that she is to be a strong sea-going vessel, and rigged for ocean sailing.

"For the vessel complete and ready for sea you are to pay me $30,000 upon the following conditions: When the vessel is ready, she is to be placed at the disposal of Hamilton Wilkes, Esq., as umpire, who, after making such trials as are satisfactory to him for a space of twenty days, shall decide whether or not she is faster than any

vessel in the United States brought to compete with her. . . . If it is decided by the umpire that she is not faster than every vessel brought against her, it shall not be binding upon you to accept and pay for her at all.

"In addition to this, if the umpire decides that she is faster than any vessel in the United States, you are to have the right, instead of accepting her at that time, to send her to England, match her against anything of her size built there, and, if beaten, reject her altogether. The expense of the voyage out and home to be borne by you. The test of speed in England to be decided by any mode acceptable to you. . . ."

Of course, Brown must have had firm belief in the genius of young George Steers, who was then thirty years of age, to sign such a letter. The proposal was accepted by Mr. Schuyler on the day the letter was written, the letter of acceptance stating, "the price is high, but in consideration of the liberal and sportsmanlike character of the

"CAMBRIA"
1870

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"COLUMBIA"
1871

whole offer, test of speed, etc., we have concluded that such a proposal must not be declined." A condition was made that the yacht should be ready by April 1, 1851.

Subsequently delays occurred in the trials of the yacht, which when launched was called the *America*. Mr. Schuyler and Mr. Stevens, who was then commodore of the New York Yacht Club, decided to buy her outright from Brown for $20,000. In the trial races the yacht easily beat all the sea-going craft that were matched against her, but she was herself very easily outsailed by the centre-board racing sloop *Maria*. The *Maria* was built in 1844–46, and when she raced against the *America* was 107.9 L.W.L., 26 ft. 6 in. beam, 5 ft. 2 in. draft of hull, 20 ft. draft with centre-board. She had a mast 92 ft. long and 2 ft. 8 in. in diameter at the deck. It was a bored-out hollow spar; for the lowest 20 ft. it was bored 12 in., for the next 20 ft. 10 in., and for the rest 7 in. She had a hollow mainboom 95 ft. long, and nearly 9 ft. in diameter. She generally set

but two sails, mainsail and jib, with an area of 8000 sq. ft., and on rare occasions set a small topsail. Her mainsheet had a rubber compressor to take the strain, and she had a suit of cotton canvas. This wonderful sloop could outpace the *America* in light and moderate winds, but she was not a safe vessel in a seaway, and we are told that she "cost her owners a hundred thousand dollars and was constantly dismasted."

The *America* sailed for the Old World on June 21, 1851, and after a passage of seventeen and a half days she reached Havre, where she was put into racing trim, and bent her racing sails. No races of any kind were arranged for her before she left New York; but her owners had received and accepted from the Earl of Wilton, the commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, a most cordial invitation "to become visitors of the clubhouse at Cowes during their stay in England." Lord Wilton adding that he would be very glad to avail himself of any improvements in shipbuilding that the in-

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"SAPPHO"
1871

"LIVONIA"
1871

dustry and skill of the American nation had enabled Commodore Stevens to elaborate.

The schooner *America* arrived in the Solent in racing trim on July 31, 1851. Her appearance, design, and rig created immense interest. It requires but little knowledge of the history of yacht architecture to understand that the form of her hull and the shape of her sails, and their material and cut was vastly superior to that of the English schooners of her period. Commodore John C. Stevens, having availed himself of the Earl of Wilton's invitation and exchanged visits with his lordship, proceeded on Aug. 2 to post his challenge in the clubhouse of the R.Y.S. as follows:

"The New York Yacht Club, in order to test the relative merits of the different models of the schooners of the Old and New World, propose, through Commodore Stevens, to the R.Y.S. to run the yacht *America* against any number of schooners belonging to any of the yacht squadrons of

the kingdom to be selected by the commodore of the R.Y.S., the course to be over some part of the English Channel outside the Isle of Wight with at least a six-knot breeze. This trial of speed to be made at an early day to be selected by the commodore of the R.Y.S. And if on that day there shall not be at least a six-knot breeze, then on the first day thereafter that such a breeze shall blow.

"On behalf of the New York Yacht Club,

"JOHN C. STEVENS, *Commodore.*

"COWES, Aug. 2, 1851."

Lord Wilton, the commodore of the R.Y.S. replied on Aug. 8 that he would take the earliest opportunity to acquaint the proprietors of schooners throughout the kingdom of the proposed trial, but as there were a great many yacht clubs in Great Britain and Ireland, some little time must necessarily elapse before answers could be received. "The members of the R.Y.S.," said his lordship, "are greatly interested in

"COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN" AND "MADELEINE"

1876

"MISCHIEF"
1881

testing the relative merits of the different models of the Old and New World without restriction as to rig or otherwise, and with this view have offered a cup to be sailed for by vessels of all rigs and nations on the 13th inst. It would be a subject to them of the highest gratification to hear that the *America* had entered as a competitor on the occasion."

The owner of the *America* replied the next day that he would enter for this race pending an answer to his challenge from the proprietors of schooners; but as he was to sail against cutters, he would do so, "relinquishing any advantage which your rule admits is due to a schooner from a cutter, but claiming a right to sail the *America* in such a manner, by such booming out as her raking masts require." He desired an answer before the day of the race, and he added that, "although it would be most agreeable that this race should be for a cup of limited value, yet if it is preferred, I am willing to stake upon the issue any sum not

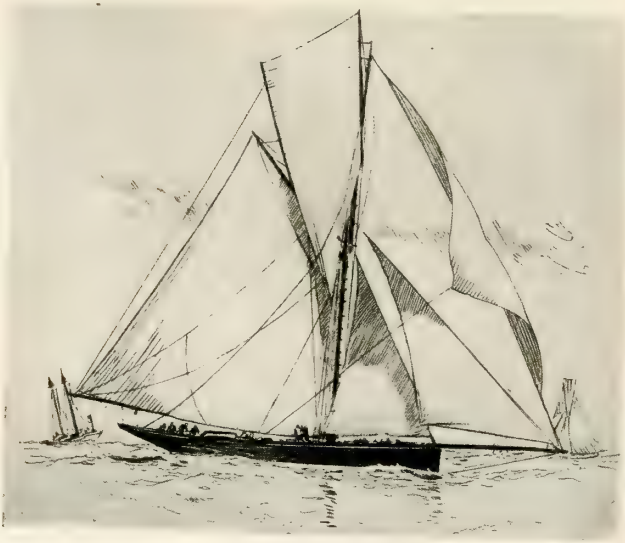
to exceed 10,000 guineas." With regard to Commodore Stevens's reservation about "booming out," it should perhaps be remarked that it was the custom to prohibit the booming out of certain sails on schooner yachts at that period.

An answer to this letter was not received before the 13th, and the *America* did not compete in the race on that day. On Aug. 15 there was a race for schooners, and the *America* did not compete in it, and from such correspondence as is now available, it appears that the owners of the *America* were refraining from competing in any race pending the acceptance or rejection of their first challenge of Aug. 9.

Eventually, on Aug. 16, the challenge still not having been taken up, Commodore Stevens entered the *America* for the R.Y.S. Regatta on Aug. 22 for a race to be sailed round the Isle of Wight for an R.Y.S. Cup, value £100. Meanwhile, the *Times* had commented on the situation by saying that it could not be imagined that England

"ATALANTA"
1881

"PURITAN"
1885



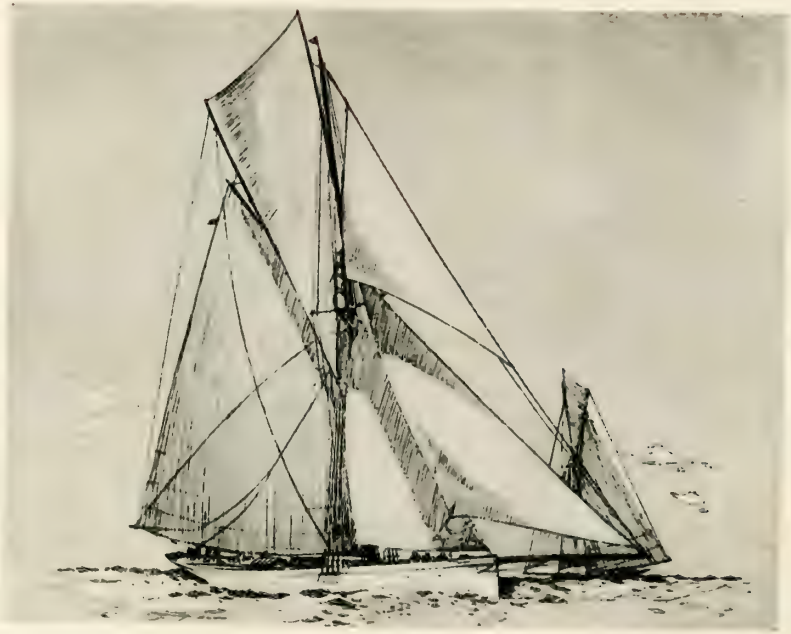
"GENESTA"
1885

"would allow the illustrious stranger to return to the New World with the proud boast that she had flung down the gauntlet to England, Ireland, and Scotland, and that not one had been found to take it up." No disgrace, that journal declared, would attach to defeat, "but if she be permitted to sail back to New York with her challenge unaccepted, and can nail up under it, as it is fastened on one of her beams, that no one dare touch it, then there will be some question as to the pith and courage of our men." The challenge of the *America* was eventually accepted by Mr. Robert Stephenson with the 100-ton schooner *Titania*, and a match between the *Titania* and *America* was sailed after the race for the R.Y.S. Cup (for which, as we have said, the *America* had been entered) had taken place. The *America-Titania* match was sailed on Aug. 28 over a course to leeward and back, the Earl of Wilton's yacht *Xarifa* being anchored off the Nab as a mark boat. It was estimated that the *America* beat the *Titania* by

seven miles, as she was fifty-two minutes ahead at the finish, in spite of having broken her fore gaff in a long turn to windward, and lost much time in splicing it.

In the race on Aug. 22 for the R.Y.S. £100 Cup there had been fifteen starters, seven schooners, and eight cutters. Of these *Volante* sprung her bowsprit, the *Arrow* went ashore, and the *Alarm* went to the assistance of the *Arrow*. This race started at 10 o'clock A.M.; the course was round the Isle of Wight, going from Cowes out past the No Man, and in through the Needles. Half way, off Ventnor, the *America* was "more than a mile" ahead of the *Aurora*. Inside the Needles it fell very light, and it is commonly thought a small cutter, probably the *Aurora*, was close alongside the *America*, because Colonel Hamilton, who sailed in the *America* in this race, says, "Our only fear was that some light vessel like the *Volante* with a light puff of air might keep close to us, and with the tide might pass us." The *America*, 170

"MAYFLOWER"
1886

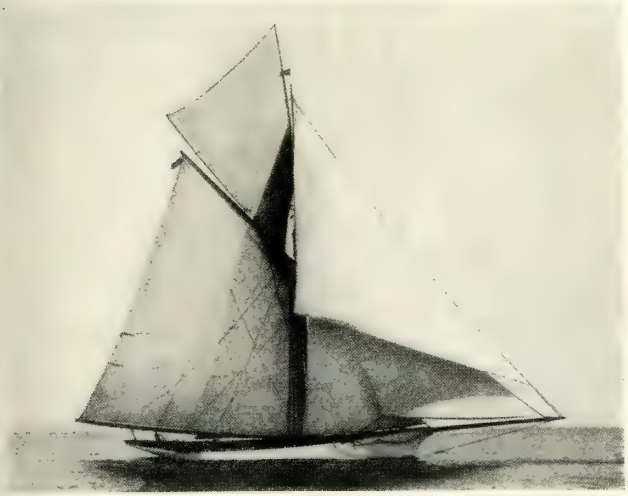


" GALATEA "
1886

tons, won the race at 8.37 P.M., and the *Aurora*, 47 tons, finished at 8.58 P.M. The cup given by the R.Y.S. for this race on Aug. 22, 1851 was afterwards presented by the owners of the schooner *America* to the New York Yacht Club as a challenge cup, to be called the *America's* Cup.

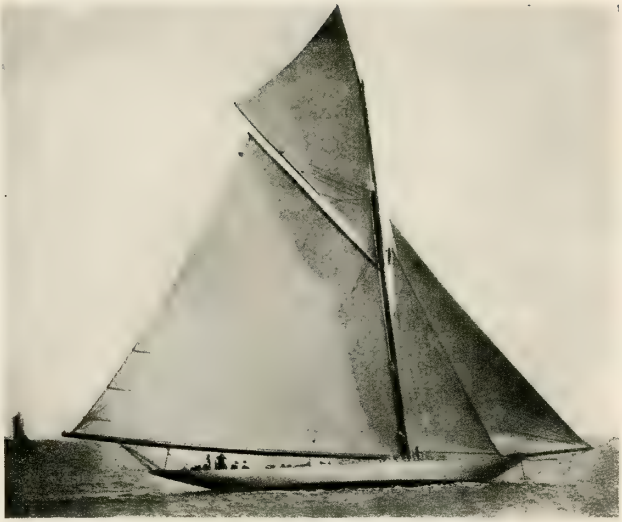
This race of Aug. 22, and the match of Aug. 28 against the 100-ton *Titania* were the only races sailed by the schooner *America* under the colors of the New York Yacht Club. After the race of Aug. 28, 1851 against *Titania* the *America* was sold by Commodore Stevens and his friends to Lord de Blaquiere for £5000, and she remained in England for many years. It is estimated that the cost of the vessel was $20,000 and the expenses of taking her across the Atlantic were $3750. Her winnings from *Titania* were $500, and her purchase price $25,000; thus her owners actually made a profit of some $1750 on their venture. Such, then, are the events which led to the original race for the prize now called the

America's Cup, a trophy presented by the R.Y.S. on Aug. 22, 1851, won by a schooner designed after the model of a New York pilot boat by George Steers. They form an interesting preface to a chapter in yachting history.



"VOLUNTEER"
1887

"THISTLE"
1887



"VIGILANT"
1893

"VALKYRIE II"
1893

THE DEED OF GIFT

THE AMERICA'S CUP

THIS DEED OF GIFT, made the twenty-fourth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, between GEORGE L. SCHUYLER as sole surviving owner of the Cup won by the yacht *America* at Cowes, England, on the twenty-second day of August, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, of the first part, and THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, of the second part,

WITNESSETH That the said party of the first part, for and in consideration of the premises and of the performance of the conditions and agreements hereinafter set forth by the party of the second part, has granted, bargained, sold, assigned, transferred, and set over, and by these presents does grant, bargain, sell, assign, transfer, and set over, unto said party of the second part, its successors and assigns, the Cup won by the schooner yacht *America*, at Cowes, England, upon the twenty-second day of August, 1851. To have and to hold the same to the said party of the second part, its successors and assigns,

IN TRUST, NEVERTHELESS, for the following uses and purposes:

This Cup is donated upon the condition that it shall be preserved as a perpetual Challenge Cup for friendly competition between foreign countries.

Any organized Yacht Club of a foreign country, incorporated, patented, or licensed by the legislature, admiralty, or other executive department, having for its annual regatta an ocean water course on the sea, or on an arm of the sea, or one which combines both, shall always be entitled to the right of sailing a match for this Cup, with a yacht or vessel propelled by sails only and constructed in the country to which the Challenging Club belongs, against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the country of the Club holding the Cup.

The competing yachts or vessels, if of one mast, shall be not less than sixty-five feet nor more than ninety feet on the load water-line; if of more than one mast they shall be not less than eighty feet nor more than one hundred and fifteen feet on the load water-line.

The Challenging Club shall give ten months' notice, in writing, naming the days for the proposed races; but no race shall be sailed in the days intervening between November 1st and May 1st. Accompanying the ten months' notice of challenge there must be sent the name of the owner and a certificate of the name, rig, and following dimensions of the challenging vessel, namely, length on load

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"DEFENDER"
1895

"VALKYRIE III"
1895

water line; beam at load water-line and extreme beam; and draught of water; which dimensions shall not be exceeded; and a custom-house registry of the vessel must also be sent as soon as possible. Vessels selected to compete for this Cup must proceed under sail, on their own bottoms, to the port where the contest is to take place. Centre-board or sliding keel vessels shall always be allowed to compete in any race for this Cup, and no restriction nor limitation whatever shall be placed upon the use of such centre-board or sliding keel, nor shall the centre-board or sliding keel be considered a part of the vessel for any purposes of measurement.

The Club challenging for the Cup and the Club holding the same may, by mutual consent, make any arrangement satisfactory to both as to the dates, courses, number of trials, rules and sailing regulations, and any and all other conditions of the match, in which case also the ten months' notice may be waived.

In case the parties cannot mutually agree upon the terms of a match, then three races shall be sailed, and the winner of two of such races shall be entitled to the Cup. All such races shall be on ocean courses, free from headlands, as follows: The first race, twenty nautical miles to windward and return; the second race an equilateral triangular race of thirty-nine nautical miles, the first side of which shall be a beat to windward; the third race (if necessary) twenty nautical miles to windward and return; and one

week day shall intervene between the conclusion of one race and the starting of the next race. These ocean courses shall be practicable in all parts for vessels of twenty-two feet draught of water, and shall be selected by the Club holding the Cup; and these races shall be sailed subject to its rules and sailing regulations so far as the same do not conflict with the provisions of this deed of gift, but without any time allowances whatever. The challenged Club shall not be required to name its representative vessel until at a time agreed upon from the start, but the vessel when named must compete in all the races, and each of such races must be completed within seven hours.

Should the Club holding the Cup be for any cause dissolved, the Cup shall be transferred to some Club of the same nationality, eligible to challenge under this deed of gift, in trust and subject to its provisions. In the event of the failure of such transfer within three months after such dissolution, said Cup shall revert to the preceding Club holding the same, and under the terms of this deed of gift. It is distinctly understood that the Cup is to be the property of the Club subject to the provisions of this deed, and not the property of the owner or owners of any vessel winning a match.

No vessel which has been defeated in a match for this Cup can be again selected by any Club as its representative until after a contest for it by some other vessel has intervened, or until after the expira-

"COLUMBIA"
1899

"SHAMROCK I"
1899

tion of two years from the time of such defeat. And when a challenge from a Club fulfilling all the conditions required by this instrument has been received, no other challenge can be considered until the pending event has been decided.

And the said party of the second part hereby accepts the said Cup subject to the said trust, terms, and conditions, and hereby covenants and agrees to and with said party of the first part that it will faithfully and fully see that the foregoing conditions are fully observed and complied with by any contestant for the said Cup during the holding thereof by it; and that it will assign, transfer, and deliver the said Cup to the foreign Yacht Club whose representative yacht shall have won the same in accordance with the foregoing terms and conditions, provided the said foreign Club shall, by instrument in writing lawfully executed, enter with said party of the second part into the like covenants as are herein entered into by it, such instrument to contain a like provision for the successive assignees to enter into the same covenants with their respective assignors, and to be executed in duplicate, one to be retained by each Club, and a copy thereof to be forwarded to the said party of the second part.

In witness whereof, the said party of the first part has hereunto set his hand and seal, and the said party of the second part has caused its corporate seal to be affixed to these presents and the same to

be signed by its Commodore and attested by its Secretary, the day and year first above written.

GEORGE L. SCHUYLER [L. S.]
THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB
By Elbridge T. Gerry, *Commodore*
John H. Bird, *Secretary*

In the presence of
H. D. Hamilton
[Seal of the New York Yacht Club]

"COLUMBIA"
1901

"SHAMROCK II"

1901

Date.	Name.	Sailing Length.	Course.	Allows.	Elapsed Time.	Corrected Time.	Wins by
				M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	M. S.
Aug. 22, 1851	AMERICA	170.	From Cowes around Isle of Wight (AURORA Second).	—	10.37.00	10.37.00	18.00
	AURORA	47.			10.55.00	10.55.00	
Aug. 8, 1870	MAGIC	97.2	N. Y. Y. C. Course (*Cambria* Tenth)	—	4.07.54	3.58.26	39.12.7
	CAMBRIA	227.6			4.34.57	4.37.38	
Oct. 16, 1871	COLUMBIA	220.	N. Y. Y. C. Course	—	6.17.42	6.19.41	27.04
	LIVONIA	280.			6.43.00	6.46.45	
Oct. 18, 1871	COLUMBIA	220.	20 Miles to windward off Sandy Hook Lightship and return.	—	3.01.33½	3.07.41¾	10.33¾
	LIVONIA	280.			3.06.49½	3.18.15½	
Oct. 19, 1871	LIVONIA	280.	N. Y. Y. C. Course (*Columbia* disabled)	—	3.53.05	4.02.25	15.10
	COLUMBIA	220.			4.12.38	4.17.35	
Oct. 21, 1871	SAPPHO	310.	20 Miles to windward off Sandy Hook Lightship and return.	—	5.33.24	5.36.02	33.21
	LIVONIA	280.			6.04.38	6.09.23	
Oct. 23, 1871	SAPPHO	310.	N. Y. Y. C. Course	—	4.38.05	4.46.17	25.27
	LIVONIA	280.			5.04.41	5.11.44	
Aug. 11, 1876	MADELEINE	151.49	N. Y. Y. C. Course	—	5.24.55	5.23.54	10.59
	COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN	138.20			5.34.53	5.34.53	
Aug. 12, 1876	MADELEINE	151.49	20 Miles to windward off Sandy Hook Lightship and return.	—	7.19.47	7.18.46	27.14
	COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN	138.20			7.46.00	7.46.00	
Nov. 9, 1881	MISCHIEF	79.27	N. Y. Y. C. Course	—	4.17.09	4.17.09	28.20¼
	ATLANTA	84.			4.48.24½	4.45.29¼	
Nov. 10, 1881	MISCHIEF	79.27	16 Miles to leeward from Buoy 5 off Sandy Hook and return.	—	4.54.53	4.54.53	38.54
	ATLANTA	84.			5.36.52	5.33.47	
Sept. 14, 1885	PURITAN	140.	N. Y. Y. C. Course	—	6.06.05	6.06.05	16.19
	GENESTA	80.		0.28	6.22.52	6.22.24	
Sept. 16, 1885	PURITAN	140.	20 Miles to leeward off Sandy Hook Lightship and return.	—	5.03.14	5.03.14	1.38
	GENESTA	80.		0.38	5.05.20	5.04.52	
Sept. 9, 1886	MAYFLOWER	171.74	N. Y. Y. C. Course	—	5.26.41	5.26.41	12.02
	GALATEA	171.14		0.38	5.39.21	5.38.43	
Sept. 11, 1886	MAYFLOWER	171.74	20 Miles to leeward off Sandy Hook Lightship and return.	—	6.49.00	6.49.00	29.09
	GALATEA	171.14		0.39	7.18.48	7.18.09	
Sept. 27, 1887	VOLUNTEER	209.08	N. Y. Y. C. Course	—	4.53.18	4.53.18	19.23¾
	THISTLE	253.94		0.05	5.12.46¾	5.12.41¾	
Sept. 30, 1887	VOLUNTEER	209.08	20 Miles to windward off Scotland Lightship and return.	—	5.42.56¼	5.42.56¼	11.48¾
	THISTLE	253.94		0.06	5.54.51	5.54.45	

RECORD OF THE AMERICA'S CUP RACES — *Continued*

Date.	Name.	Sailing Length.	Course.	Allows.	Elapsed Time.	Corrected Time.	Wins by
				M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	M. S.
Oct. 7, 1893	VIGILANT	96.78	15 Miles to windward off Scotland Light-ship and return.	—	4.05.47	4.05.47	5.48
	VALKYRIE II	93.11		1.48	4.13.23	4.11 35	
Oct. 9, 1893	VIGILANT	96.78	Course — Equilateral Triangle — 30 miles	—	3.25.01	3.25.01	10.35
	VALKYRIE II	93.11		1.48	3.37.24	3.35.36	
Oct. 13, 1893	VIGILANT	96.78	15 Miles to windward off Scotland Light-ship and return.	—	3.24.39	3.24.39	0.40
	VALKYRIE II	93.57*		1.33	3.26.52	3.25.19	
Sept. 7, 1895	DEFENDER	100.36	15 Miles to windward off Scotland Light-ship and return.	0.29	5.00.24	4.59.55	8.49
	VALKYRIE III	101.49		—	5.08.44	5.08.44	
Sept. 10, 1895	DEFENDER	100.36	Course — Equilateral Triangle— 30 miles	0.29	3.56.25	3.55.56	0.47
	VALKYRIE III	101.49		—	†3.55.09	3.55.09	
Sept. 12, 1895	DEFENDER	100.36	15 Miles to windward and return from Sandy Hook Lightship.	0.29	4.44.12	4.43.43	
	VALKYRIE III	101.49		—	‡	—	
Oct. 16, 1899	COLUMBIA	102.135	15 Miles E. S. E. from Sandy Hook Light-ship and return — 30 miles.	—	4.53.53	4.53.53	10.08
	SHAMROCK	101.092		0.06	5.04.07	5.04.01	
Oct. 17, 1899	COLUMBIA	102.135	10 Miles Triangular from Sandy Hook Lightship — 30 miles.	—	3.37.00	—	
	SHAMROCK	101.092		0.06	||		
Oct. 20, 1899	COLUMBIA	102.135	15 Miles S. by W. from Sandy Hook Light-ship and return — 30 miles.	0.16	3.38.25	3.38.09	6.34
	SHAMROCK	102.565		—	3.44.43	3.44.43	
Sept. 28, 1901	COLUMBIA	102.355	15 Miles E. by S. from Sandy Hook Light-ship and return — 30 miles.	0.43	4.31.07	4.30.24	1.20
	SHAMROCK II	103.79		—	4.31.44	4.31.44	
Oct. 3, 1901	COLUMBIA	102.355	Course — Equilateral Triangle — 30 miles	0.43	3.13.18	3.12.35	3.35
	SHAMROCK II	103.79		—	3.16.10	3.16.10	
Oct. 4, 1901	COLUMBIA	102.355	15 Miles S. S. E. from Sandy Hook Light-ship and return — 30 miles.	0.43	4.33.40	4.32.57	.41
	SHAMROCK II	103.79		—	4.33.38	4.33.38	
Aug. 22, 1903	RELIANCE	108.41	15 Miles to windward and return — 30 miles.	—	3.32.17	3.32.17	7.03
	SHAMROCK III	104.37		1.57	3.41.17	3.39.20	
Aug. 25, 1903	RELIANCE	108.41	Course — Equilateral Triangle — 30 miles...	—	3.14.54	3.14.54	1.19
	SHAMROCK III	104.37		1.57	3.18.10	3.16.12	
Sept. 3, 1903	RELIANCE	108.39	15 Miles to windward and return — 30 miles	—	4.28.00	4.28.00	
	SHAMROCK III	104.37		1.57	Did not finish.		

*Remeasured. † Disqualified for fouling Defender ‡ Withdrew on crossing the line. || Carried away topmast and withdrew

"RELIANCE"
1903

"SHAMROCK III"

1903

The fastest time was made by the sloop *Columbia* in 1901, 3 hrs. 13 mins. 18 secs. In 1871 the schooner *Columbia* completed its ocurse in 3 hrs. 1 min. 33 secs. The race was supposed to be twenty miles to windward and return, but as a fact it was only about fifteen miles each way, and turned out to be practically a reach all the way.

Nothing could possibly do yacht designing and the sport of yacht racing as much good as a trip across the ocean and back of the *America's* Cup. For back it would come without any doubt in my mind. It would give a stimulus to yachting such as it has not had in many years.

PRINCIPAL AUTHORITIES QUOTED IN THE TEXT

New York Herald

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The Field